POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION · EDITED · BY HAROLD FURNISS

FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

ONE · PENNY.

Mrs DYER
THE · BABY · FARMER

FROM · HER EFFIGY IN Madame Tussaud's

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"A little soul scarce fledged for earth
Takes wing with Heaven again for goal,
Even while we hailed as fresh from birth
A little soul."
—SWINBURNE, "A Baby's Death."

PART I.

How the Slaughter Came to Light.—"Good Mrs. Harding" as a Mother.

ONE day in the spring of 1896 some workmen were waiting on a barge at anchor in the River Thames, close to the mouth of the Kennet. While engaged on this employment one of their number was startled by the sight of a brown paper parcel rising seemingly from a considerable depth of water, and drifting in the wake of the barge down the river.

"What have we here, mates?" said one of the men.

"Lost treasure, maybe," remarked a humorous individual.

"No such luck for us, you can bet your boots!" retorted the pessimist of the party.

Another was of a more practical turn of mind, and, instead of hazarding theories as to the parcel's contents, he forthwith set about hauling it on board.

"That's right!" said the humorist. "Let's have a look at it, Jim. Bet you it's diamonds!"

"Diamonds be blowed! Old clothes, more like," replied his mate contemptuously.

The practical man now had the packet in his hands. It was fastened securely with thin cord. The men gathered curiously around him while he cut the string with his knife and undid the paper. A cry of horror and amazement escaped from the group as the contents of the parcel was made plain to their gaze.

What they found was the partially-decomposed body of a dead baby. The infant had been strangled with a bootlace, tied tightly around its throat. To the corpse was attached a brick, for the evident purpose of sinking this victim of some terrible crime.

The bargemen at once communicated their ghastly discovery to the police. It was evident to them that the packet had been in the water some considerable time, that it had been successfully sunk by the brick, and it was only brought to the surface by the chance stirring of the water by the barge poles. It was likewise plain to the medical practitioner called in by the authorities that the baby's death had been occasioned by strangulation, and not by drowning.

Strangely enough, up to this moment, the attention of everybody had been concentrated on the remains of the dead child, nobody having thought it worth while to look at the paper in which the baby had been wrapped. This, however, had been fortunately preserved by the bargemen, and, when examined by the police-inspector, proved to contain an address of a woman who resided in a certain street in Reading. This was written on the inside of the paper, and was still perfectly legible, in spite of its prolonged immersion in water.

The police at once began to make searching investigations respecting this woman, whose name, by the way, was Mrs. Dyer. It was found that she was "a respectable party," who, for a small remuneration, was in the habit of taking strange children in to nurse.

She was reported to be a benevolent old lady, with a motherly heart, whose one pardonable weakness was a pronounced fondness for babies of all descriptions.

However, in the face of these satisfactory reports as to Mrs. Dyer's estimable character, the police also discovered that she had, for some unaccountable reason, passed during her career under the names of Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Harding, and Mrs. Stanfield. They went to her residence, and found there a great quantity of baby underclothing and a number of pawn-tickets. Adding to this the facts that at her daughter's house, in Mayho Road, Willesden, a further quantity of babies' clothes was found, and that children entrusted to Mrs. Dyer's keeping had a peculiar habit of suddenly disappearing, the police thought the wisest policy for them to pursue was to arrest her. This they accordingly did, disregarding her protestations of innocence. It may be convenient here to mention that this extraordinary woman did not murder every child which passed through her hands. For two of them she developed a large amount of affection, and when she was arrested she showed real anxiety for the welfare of the two whose portraits, from sketches made at the time, we print in this number. Their names were Nellie Oliver and Willie Thornton.

Mrs. Dyer was not altogether a pleasant personage to look upon. She was stout and well advanced in years. Her features were cast in a coarse mould, her face was inclined to be bloated, and was seamed with innumerable

Nellie Oliver.

lines and wrinkles. There was nothing sensitive about the ugly mouth, nothing of womanliness in the square, masculine jaw, nothing of soul in the small, beady eyes!

When she was under surveillance before arrest the authorities, under the impression that fresh discoveries might be brought to light, were busy having the Thames dragged in the immediate vicinity of the spot where the body of the dead baby had been found. They were not wrong, for amongst other odds and ends recovered from the river's bed, they came upon a carpet bag, unusually heavy and securely fastened with rope. This was cut, and inside the receptacle the police found the partially-decayed remains of two babies—a boy and a girl—both of whom had been done to death by having a bootlace tied round the throat so tightly as to cause strangulation.

The faces of the children were sufficiently preserved to enable the police to see the distortions of their features, which must necessarily have been caused by a violent and painful death.

The river had not obliterated the vestiges of crime! Each body was securely attached to a brick, and the bag must have sunk immediately upon being thrown into the water.

The name of the girl baby was afterwards found to be Doris Marmon, that of the boy Harry Simmons.

Meanwhile a strange thing had happened in the prison in which Mrs. Dyer was confined.

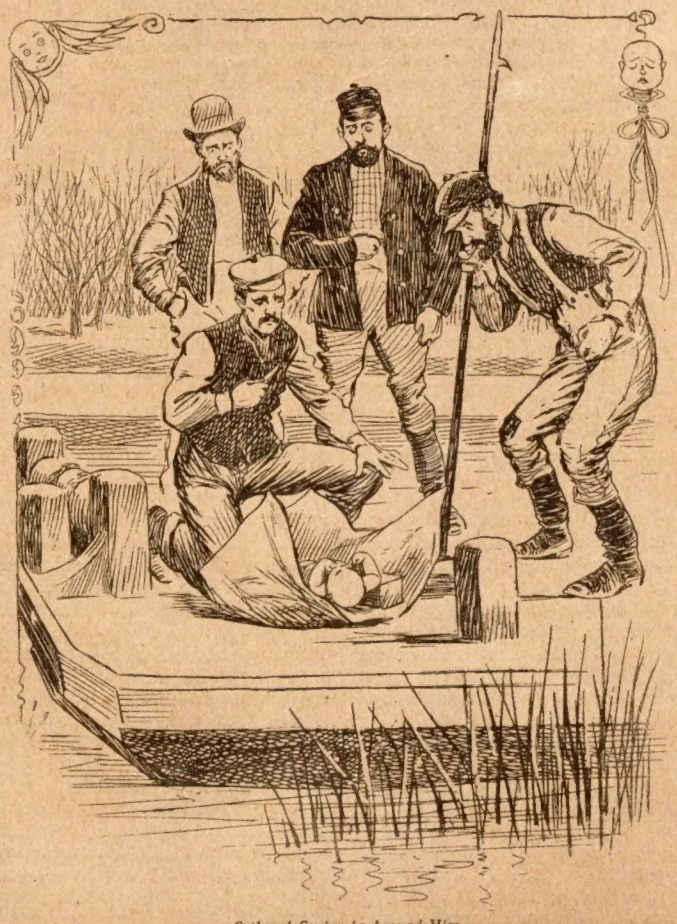
She had tried to commit suicide.

On the eve of her being brought before the magistrates she had attempted to take her own life *by tying a broken bootlace tightly round her throat.* Further, the police noticed that the ligature was fastened in a peculiar knot under the left ear. The bootlaces that had been found twisted round the necks of the murdered babies were fastened in a similar manner. Evidently Mrs. Dyer was an adept in the art of strangling with a short cord, yet she did not succeed when practising upon herself, a prison wardress fortunately entering her cell before her attempt had been followed by fatal consequences.

The wretched creature wept with rage when frustrated in her dread design. It seems that she had set all her hopes of cheating the gallows on this one unexpected move. Now that she saw her intention checked, and realising, as she must have done, how hopeless was her chance of ever again obtaining an opportunity to seek death at her own hands, she gave way to sullen despair. All her protestations of innocence were silenced, and her moods of light-hearted indifference, which had been many, were dispelled.

Willie Thornton.

At the police court she was charged with her son-in-law, Arthur Palmer (who was thought to be implicated in the crimes) with "the wilful murder of a child named Fry"—the first one picked out of the Thames—"and two other infants, Doris Marmon and Harry Simmons, found strangled in a carpet bag, dragged from Caversham Weir Head."



Gathered Curiously Around Him.

Mr. Lawrence, who prosecuted, said he would proceed with the case of the child Doris Marmon, and the first witness he would call was the murdered baby's mother, a barmaid, named Evelina Edith Marmon, who resided at Cheltenham.

Miss Marmon was a slight and pretty woman, fashionably dressed. It was evident as she prepared to give her evidence that she felt her position deeply. Her face was very pale, and her eyes red with much weeping.

In January, 1896, she said, she was confined of a female child. She called her baby Doris. She was in the position of barmaid at a large public-house in Cheltenham. The greater part of her time was occupied with her duties, and she had but small opportunity of attending to the thousand natural wants of a new-born baby.

She loved Doris dearly, but she could

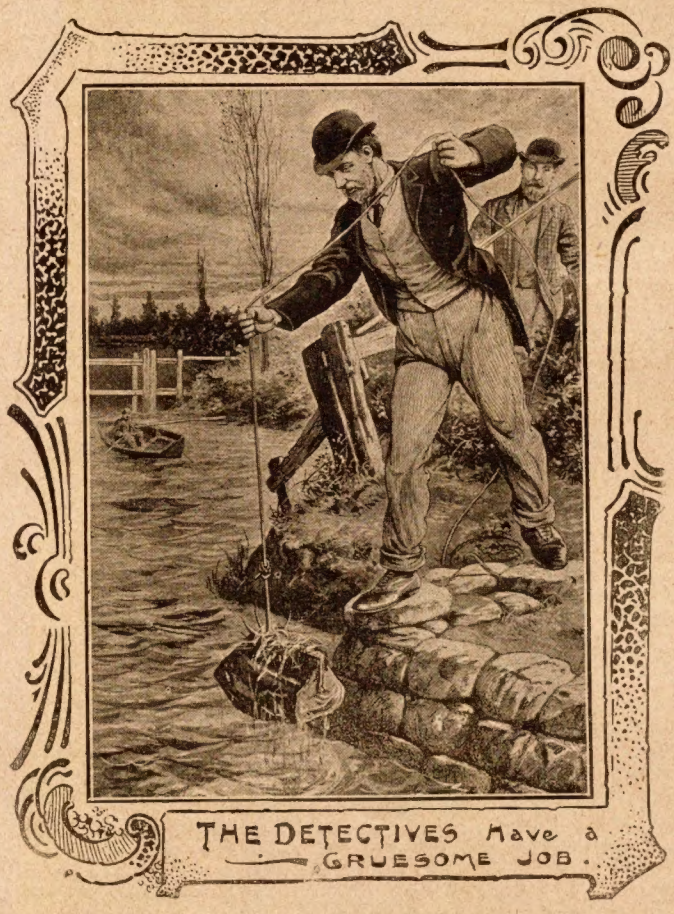
not blind herself to the fact that the infant was not thriving as it should do under the partial care which she was enabled to lavish upon it. She would only have been too glad to have found a good and conscientious woman who would have taken Doris, and who could have expended the time and tender attention necessary to the successful rearing of so young an infant.

At this juncture she saw in the "Bristol Times and Mirror" an advertisement, in which it was stated a childless woman wished, for a small remuneration, to adopt a baby as her own. Miss Marmon wrote to a Bristol agency, in the name of Mrs. Scott, and in reply received the following letter, purporting to come from a Mrs. Harding, of 45, Kensington Road, Reading:

"I should be glad to have a dear little baby girl that I could bring up and call my own. First of all, I must tell you that we are plain, homely people, in fairly good circumstances, and that we live in our own house. I have a good and comfortable home. We are in the country, and sometimes I am alone a great deal. I do not want a child for money's sake, but for company and home comfort. Myself and husband are dearly fond of children. I have no child of my own. A child with me will have a good home and a mother's loving care. We belong to the Church of England. Although I want to bring up the child as my own, I should not mind its mother, or any other person, coming to see it at any time. I only hope that we may come to terms."

Miss Marmon was delighted with this letter.

She wrote "Mrs. Harding" a "most satisfactory answer," and on March 31 good "Mrs. Harding" called on Miss Marmon, as arranged. This "motherly party" went into ecstasies over the "dear little baby girl," Doris.



The agreement between the two women was signed, Miss Marmon handed "Mrs. Harding" ten pounds, after which that lady prepared to leave with her "little charge."

Then it was that all the instincts of maternity in the unhappy mother's breast awoke. The tears, that had been suppressed so long, gushed forth when the moment of parting came. "Mrs. Harding" wept in sympathy, although she tried to comfort the girl by reminding her of the good home her little daughter was going to, the loving hearts that were waiting to receive her, and the love, the tenderness, and the watchful care which she, "Mrs. Harding," would ever lavish upon one whom she already regarded as her "very own." "My neighbours call me," she said, "'Good Mrs. Harding.'"

The young mother allowed herself to be comforted by these expressions of kindness.

She felt that really she should be thankful at having secured for her child so comfortable a home and so fond and conscientious a guardian. However, she could not tear herself away from little Doris at once, and determined to accompany her new friend and the baby as far as Gloucester, on their way to Reading.

When they entered the railway station at Cheltenham, "Mrs. Harding" went into the waiting-room, and brought out a large carpet bag which had been kept there for her.

At Gloucester Miss Marmon said good-bye. She kissed "Mrs. Harding" and prayed of her always to be tender to Doris. She embraced her baby passionately again and again.

The train moved out of the station, leaving the unhappy mother weeping on the platform. A gentleman asked her if she was ill. Oh, no; she was not ill! She required no assistance.

After a few days, when the first pangs of poignant grief had subsided, she felt resigned to Doris's loss, believing as she did that she had consigned her baby to a happier home and a more secured future than she herself could ever hope to offer.

Miss Marmon recognised the little girl found strangled in the carpet bag dragged from the Thames as her daughter Doris. She also knew the receptacle in which the body was found as that produced by "Mrs. Harding" from the Cheltenham waiting-room.

The distracted witness further swore that the woman Dyer, in the dock, was the person who had passed herself off as "Mrs. Harding," and with whom she had last seen Doris alive.

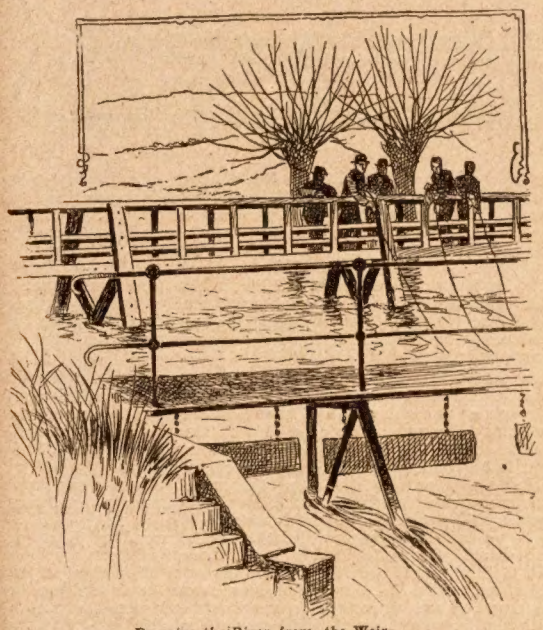
When she left the box she walked quietly out of the court, and when outside fainted. She was the most interesting of the long array of witnesses brought against Mrs. Dyer in the police-court.

Meanwhile, the authorities were still busying themselves with dragging the river in the neighbourhood of Caversham Weir Head. Their discoveries were amazing. Day after day the bodies of dead babies, in various stages of decomposition, were brought to land. They had all been strangled. Many of them were so decomposed that any attempt at identification was judged to be futile.

One baby girl brought to the surface of the water was in such an advanced state of decay that the head fell from the body and went floating by itself down the river. The ghastly object tossed like a cork on the little river waves, and, the stream being a strong one, a boat had to be dispatched to pursue the dead baby's head before it could be recovered. When at last taken, part of the face fell to pieces in the waterman's hands. The body of the infant was clothed in what had been a red dress, but from which the water had washed nearly all the colour.

A very old woman, named Mrs. Smith, who was known

to have been on terms of intimacy with Mrs. Dyer, was fetched out of the Bristol Union, in the hope that she might possibly identify the body.



Dragging the River from the Weir.

She at once recognised the garment as having been worn by a child named Isaacs, which Mrs. Dyer had fetched from London when she resided at Caversham. She also recognised a piece of mackintosh which was wrapped round the body as having been used in the child Isaacs's cradle. The old woman was stricken with a paroxysm of horror on beholding the decomposed remains of the little girl.

"She was a beautiful baby, with a great mass of golden hair!" she mumbled, as she turned away, weeping.

Mrs. Dyer's demeanour in gaol was unchanged. She seemed to be a creature devoid of emotions, of the natural sentiments and passions of humanity. She talked frequently to herself, but was sullen and silent when in the company of any of the prison officials.

Her appetite was good; she ate well and slept well; nothing, it seemed, could in any way disorder the physical mechanism of this creature.

Although, as we have said, her demeanour was not generally demonstrative or communicative, yet she invariably manifested the greatest interest in the proceedings of the police, was always inquiring whether they had made any fresh discoveries, and on returning from her frequent visits to the police court on these occasions when fresh circumstances bearing on her past career had been brought to light, and when added strength had been given to the constantly-accumulating evidence, Mrs. Dyer would return to her prison cell, more depressed and sullen than ever.

On several occasions she expressed her surprise at the capabilities of the police and the accuracy of most of their researches.

"How do they do it, I want to know? How can they do it?" she once said in a rare conversational moment, after a more than usually trying morning for her before the magistrate.

She sat in her cell swaying to and fro and clasping and unclasping her fat, beefy hands.

"All of 'em against me, poor lone woman!" she exclaimed, "all of 'em a-tryin' to hang me!"

She began to snivel; when Mrs. Dyer wept she did not resemble an ordinary woman weeping, but seemed rather like a fierce, hunted animal that whimpers fiercely in the impotency of its rage.

It was shortly after this momentary outburst that she asked of one of the officials for pen, ink, and paper.

She wished to write a letter, she said, which she would hand to the matron of the gaol.

Her request was acceded to, and the old woman sat down, and for the next half hour was busily engaged in scratching with her pen her own self-condemnation.

Mrs. Dyer was by no means an educated person and no adept at the craft of penmanship, and the letter which, as we have said, took a considerable time to compose, was, for her, a work of labour. When she had, at length, finished her arduous task, she called for the matron.

The matron, herself an elderly woman, with a vast experience of criminals and houses of detention, accordingly came to the notorious prisoner.

"What is it you want, Mrs. Dyer?" she said.

"I want you to read that," answered the miserable creature, as she handed over her letter.

The matron took the note and did not at first read it, but held it in her hand.

"Are you sure you wish me to have this?" she asked.

"Quite."

"There is nothing in it you would not on second thoughts wish me to see?"

"Nothing at all; what can there be?"

"That is your affair. Remember, I have cautioned you. You wish me to read it, then?"

The old woman sank down on her bed with an affirmatory grunt. The substance of the precious document,

Miss Marmon surrenders her baby to "Good Mrs. Harding.

which we cannot give for certain reasons in its entirety, was as follows:

"I know that I must suffer the penalty of death for the wicked crimes I have committed. I feel I am approaching my end. I feel I have not long to live. My one thought now is to see that the innocent should not suffer for my wickedness. I must tell the truth. I must go to the gallows alone. Arthur Palmer knew nothing whatever of my sinful crimes. He had nothing whatever to do with them, and I do not wish to see him suffer for my sins. I must ask God to pardon me my wickedness. I hope He will. But Arthur Palmer is innocent."

Miss Marmon.

The matron, having read the letter carefully, turned towards Mrs. Dyer. She was sitting on her bed, to all outward appearances absolutely unconcerned.

"Do you know," said the matron, "by writing this letter you plead guilty to everything?"

"Yes, I know that quite well."

"Your letter shall be put before the proper authorities."

The woman had confessed! There was no need of her admission to prove her guilty. Never was a case for a conviction based upon more conclusive evidence.

Still, even with this horrible criminal, this wholesale slaughterer of innocent babes, there was a feeling of relief that she had acknowledged her guilt.

There were in this case no doubts to be put to rest, but there is a certain satisfaction always in knowing that a person goes to the gallows fully confessing the crimes with which they are charged, and thus acknowledging the justice of the Law's most terrible sentence.

The news of her written confession spread through the country like wildfire, and a certain tone of pious cant about the epistle reminiscent of Charles Peace and other notorious malefactors, served to deepen the abhorrence with which the self-confessed murderess was already regarded by all decent members of society.

To those, however, who take a psychological interest in such matters, it is a noteworthy fact that the admission of guilt was wrung from the inhuman monster's lips by the fear that Arthur Palmer might to some extent suffer for her crimes.

"Granny" Smith.

From the first page to the last of Mrs. Dyer's extraordinary history, she seems to have manifested a kind of liking—we cannot call it affection — for some individual or other. Witness the instances of Nellie Oliver and Willie Thornton, not to mention the Palmers. This seems remarkably paradoxical when one remembers the monstrous brutality of her many murders, but still let us not forget that the tigress likes her cubs and mangles not her mate, and Mrs. Dyer was no exception to beasts of prey.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

Saved by a Tooth.

In the year 1830, there lived at Eagle's Cliff, near Yarm, Yorkshire, a weaver, named William Huntley, who, on July 22, came into a sum, under his father's will, of £85 16s. 4d. Between that date and the 30th, he was frequently seen in the company of an intimate friend of his, Robert Goldsborough, who lived a few miles off at Hutton Rudby, and also in that of a lawyer, called Garbutt, and he was last seen walking and talking with them in a cheerful and friendly fashion towards Crathorne Wood, Goldsborough at the time carrying a gun in his hand. From this time Huntley was never again seen alive.

He had been heard to say that he was going to America, and also that he was anxious certain of his creditors should not learn that he had come into any money. When questioned, Goldsborough said his friend had gone to America, but gave contradictory accounts of the road he had taken when they parted. He was found to be in possession of a watch and some clothes, said to be Huntley's, and a considerable sum of money, part of which he offered to lend to neighbours. He was also found burning woollen clothing, which he said were only old things he had pulled out from under the stairs.

A general suspicion prevailed that he had murdered Huntley, and search was made for the body, though without success; but Goldsborough, wearied by the show of ill-feeling on all sides, removed to Barnsley, where, for a time, he refused to give his name. From there, after some time, he departed, to return with a wife, who, he said, had brought him a fortune of eighty pounds. He then passed under the name of Robert Towers.

Eleven years later on June 21, 1841, a skeleton was dug out of the bank of a brook at a place about five miles distant from the spot where Huntley, Goldsborough, and Garbutt were last seen together. A Mr. Nellest, who rented the ground, looked at the skull, and noticed particularly a long projecting tooth on the left side of the lower jaw.

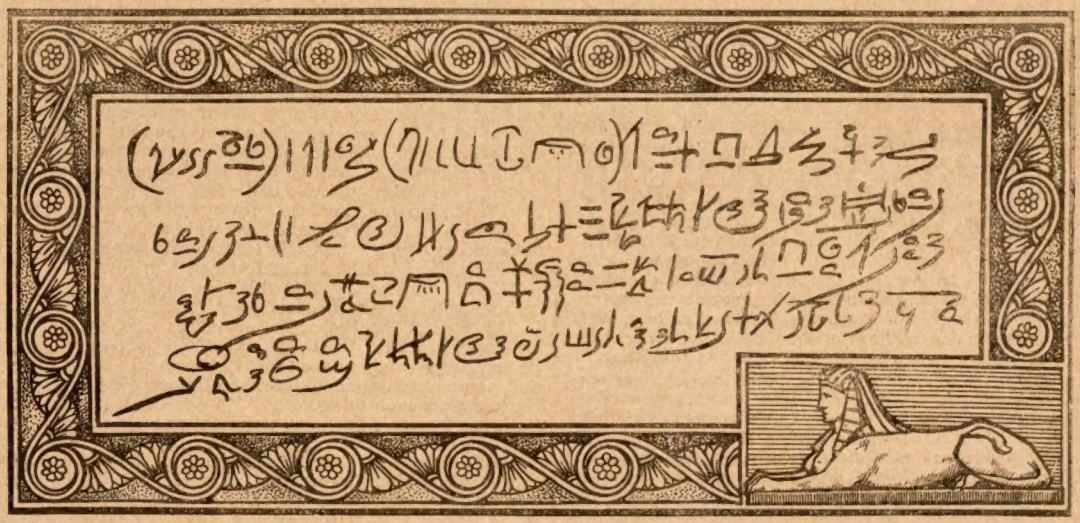
With the exception of two or three, all the teeth were in their sockets, and remained in them till the bones began to dry, when some fell out, "amongst others, the remarkable and all-important tooth in question." The skull, jawbone, and loose teeth were put into a pail and given to a constable, but not before several people had seen the tooth, and professed to recognise it as Huntley's. When last seen Huntley was described as of middle stature, with a broad, squat face; his head was large behind, his forehead retreating, and he had a very prominent tooth on the left side of the under jaw, which caught everybody's eye on first looking at him, and which gave him a twist of the mouth.

A reward of a hundred pounds was offered to anyone who would give evidence that would lead to the conviction of Huntley's murderer, and one Thomas Groundy, having been heard talking suspiciously about the matter, was taken into custody, and deposed that five days after Huntley's disappearance Goldsborough told him he was going to America, and asked him to help to carry a sack to Stokesley. The sack was in the wood, and contained a dead body, which Goldsborough said was Huntley's, and that he had shot him. Terrified, Groundy made his escape, and said nothing to anyone of the matter. This statement made, Groundy was placed in a room in York Castle, only to await the arrival of his sureties, who were to be bound with him for his appearance to give evidence at the trial; but he had not been left alone above an hour when he was found hanging by his braces and neckerchief to an iron bar of the window quite dead.

When the trial came on, several witnesses, among them a surgeon, swore to having seen the tooth, but the back part of the skull being missing, even Huntley's hatter could not swear to it. The prisoner's counsel declared the whole evidence to be a tissue of exaggerations, misrepresentations, and perjuries, the legitimate produce of the blood-money that had been had recourse to. The judge was adverse to a conviction, and, in the end, Goldsborough was acquitted. As he left the bar, he whispered, with tremulous eagerness, "Can they try me again?" "No," said the officer; "thou'rt clear off now altogether." On which he heaved a deep sigh.

A witness was examined before a judge in a case of slander, who required him to repeat the precise words spoken. The witness hesitated until he riveted the whole attention of the court upon him; then, fixing his eyes earnestly on the judge, began, "May it please your honour, 'You lie, and steal, and get your living by stealing'!" The face of the judge reddened, and he immediately exclaimed, "Turn to the jury, sir!"

Ancient Law and Crime.



The above inscription within our ornamental border, transcribed into Roman characters: Pa mer en suten Ra Kheper Nub ankh uta seneb se Ra Antef ankh uta seneb Kam-f. en ra utennu em tut nu atshau au aru meh sen-em atennu em paif teruu mah ua em ta usekh banur en merneet en her masi utennu Auroi en pa Amen enti em wa su ata bu pui nai atau sekh peh-f.

A translation of the above Egyptian extract: "The tomb of the King Nub Kheper Ra, son of the sun Antef, was found to have been opened by the hands of thieves, they have made a hole in it 2½ cubits in the surrounding wall and a hole of 1 cubit in the outside chamber of the tomb of the chief of the transports of the offerings, Auri, of the temple of Amen, the tomb is in ruins, it was found in good condition the thieves could not enter it."

THE OLDEST POLICE RECORD.

THE oldest police report which we have been able to trace is found in an Egyptian papyrus now preserved in the British Museum. This document, which is written in the Hieratic, or sacred script, measures 9ft. 4in. in length, by 1ft. 5in. in width. The Hieratic script is a cursive form of the hieroglyphic, and was used for official documents from the earliest times down to about B.C. 500.

Our illustration shows a portion of the document with which this article will deal. The papyrus was discovered at Thebes in 1857, and purchased by the British Museum shortly afterwards. It is dated in the sixteenth year of Rameses IX., about B.C 1000, and contains a report of the arrest of a number of persons for robbing the tombs round about Thebes and elsewhere.

Before dealing with the document and its contents, a few words will be necessary to explain the reasons which induced these persons to violate the resting places of the dead.

Egypt was essentially the land of the dead, for it is from the resting places of Kings, Princes, and Priests that we have learned to read the history of living Egypt. To the Egyptian, "death was but an incident in life," and his time of sojourn in the "eternal house," as the tomb was called, was one in which he did not cease to have the requirements which he had in life. Hence arose the custom of burying with the dead all they had found necessary in their earthly career, such as rich furniture, toilet necessaries, vessels of food, perfumes, etc.

The mummy was clothed with amulets, collars, pectorals, and ornaments of various kinds, which, in the case of kings and nobles, were of gold, and encrusted with jewels. In the tombs of the kings of the Twelfth Dynasty (B.C. 2800), which are situated at a place called Dahshour, breast plates, bracelets, and a number of gold ornaments were discovered by M. de Morgan a few years ago, and are now in the Khedevial Museum at Cairo.

The knowledge that such priceless treasures were buried with the Pharaohs and their Queens would be known to many, and no doubt there were even in those remote days not a few who regarded it as wasted wealth.

The Pharaohs of the early dynasties, and those of the Golden Age of Egypt, about B.C. 1500-1300, had endowed rich foundations for priests and servants who ministered to the spiritual wants of the departed, and protected, or repaired, the tombs.

In course of time, however, the temples, which were the monasteries of Egypt, began to fall upon evil times, and, under the Ramesides of the Twentieth Dynasty, poverty had made its home in Thebes. The poverty of the Temple affected all classes, and the workmen who had depended upon it for their living now turned their attention to the buried wealth, and organised bands of tomb-robbers were formed.

At first, no doubt, this form of sacrilege was confined to a few, but when the rich treasures to be obtained became known, more and more were induced to join in the work, until finally the matter reached the ears of the authorities, and prompt action had to be taken to put it down. As in modern times, the authorities formed themselves into a sort of Royal Commission, which was, we must admit, of a somewhat curious character.

The papyrus informs us that the Royal Commission consisted of the Governor of Thebes, Kha-em Uast, the first prophet of Amen, whose office we may compare with that of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Controller of the Royal Household, the Royal Secretary, and the Lord Chamberlain. These seem all very necessary, but our papyrus goes on to say that a marine and a cavalry officer were attached to the court of inquiry, and we must say that we fail to see the reason for the appointment of these latter gentlemen.

Let us now turn to the papyrus and learn the true facts of the case and the result of the above commission.

The examination of the tombs revealed the fact that many of them had been broken into, and their contents abstracted; the principal mode of entry appears to have been by making a hole in the outside masonry, and forcing an entry into the mummy chamber in this manner. Thus, in the report contained in the Abbott papyrus, as the document is called with which this article deals, that in the case of the tomb of the King Nub-Kheper-Ra, the son of King Antef, about B.C. 2200, the thieves had made a hole of two-and-a-half cubits width in the surrounding wall; in another instance we are

told that the thieves had dug a hole under the chamber of offerings, and in this manner made an entrance into the tomb. To illustrate this we will give the actual words of the papyrus :

"We found that the thieves had violated all the tombs, and that they had torn their occupants from their coffins, and stolen all the funeral objects which had been deposited with them, as well as gold and silver—even had taken the ornaments on the coffins."

It was now the duty of the commission to find out the offenders, and, like most Oriental officials, even those of to-day, they began at the wrong end. No doubt many of the high officials at Thebes were cognisant of, and possibly implicated in these robberies, for what happened in Thebes B.C. 1100 is only what occurs now; the Arab diggers rob the tombs, and the Mudir, or headman of the village or town, shares the profits. We are told that the commission, after some considerable trouble, and by the persuasion of the stick, compelled one of the thieves to turn king's evidence; another one did likewise on his own account, because, as he naïvely informs the commission, he was not satisfied with the share of the plunder allotted to him. His confession runs thus :

"The tomb of the royal wife, Nub-Khaa-as, was surrounded with masonry, closed up with stones, protected by rubble, and covered with slabs, but we penetrated them notwithstanding, and demolished it with work. . . . We opened the coffins and wrappings, and we found the noble mummy of the king. There were two swords, many amulets, necklaces of gold, and his neck and his head was covered with gold. The noble mummy of this king was adorned with gold throughout. Its wrappings were graven in gold and silver, within and without, and covered with valuable stones. We tore off the gold that we found on the noble mummy of this god (i.e., the kings and queens were considered as gods after death), together with his amulets and necklaces which were upon his neck, and the wrappings on which they rested. We found the royal wife in like manner. We tore off all we found on her likewise, and we set fire to the wrappings. We took their furniture which we found with them, also gold, silver, and copper vessels. We divided, and we made the gold which we found on these gods, on the noble mummies, and the amulets and necklaces and the wrappings, into eight parts."

Now comes something which is truly Oriental, showing the way in which evidence was obtained from those who were not willing to divulge their part in the transaction. They were beaten, the papyrus tells us, they were examined by the help of the stick, they were beaten on their feet and their hands. So that the good old bastinado and the korbash of the golden days of Ismail was even in use in Pharaonic times.

The question which we now have to ask ourselves is, what became of the valuables which these thieves abstracted? The gold and silver might have found its way into the smelting pot, and the jewels, when once removed from their original settings, could easily be disposed of, but the daggers, swords, funeral vessels of alabaster, and stone tablets, which we know to have formed part of the sepulchral paraphernalia of a departed Egyptian noble, could not so easily be got rid of, owing to the fact that they always were inscribed with the names and titles of the persons for whom they were made, and in whose tomb they were deposited. Thus, any thief offering such for sale in the open market would run the risk of detection and capture.

It is also very evident that the tombs were not properly watched by the priests attached to the necropolis, whose duty it was to see that the resting-places of the Pharaohs were not disturbed.

The natural inference is that these men must have been in league with the thieves, and, strange as it may seem, the papyrus bears out this surmise, for we are actually informed that the chief priest attached to the temple—or rather tomb—of Amen-em-hat III. (about B.C. 2200) was one of the eight who owned up to having entered some of the tombs.

It is now clear what became of the property. The priests were the dealers in funeral furniture, which formed one of their sources of income, and there can be no doubt but that most of the heavier goods were manipulated by the priest, altered beyond recognition, and then re-sold for other burials. That this must have been the case very often is borne out by the systematic examination of the tombs of kings and officials, which has been undertaken by modern Egyptologists.

In many instances funeral furniture has been found in tombs not dating from the period to which the tomb belongs. Thus, a tomb, dating from the time of Rameses II., of the XIXth Dynasty (about B.C. 1333), will be found to contain furniture, evidently, by its style, made under the XVIIIth Dynasty, or about B.C. 1500. For some time past this fact, though known to scholars, was a mystery, and could not be accounted for until the true state of affairs became known through our papyrus, and another of the same class now in the possession of Lord Amherst, of Hackney.

In this latter document, which also deals with tomb-robbers, we are informed that nearly every trade and profession found its representative among the thieves, amongst which were also a number of women, mostly the mistresses of the robbers themselves. The trades and professions represented were sandal-makers, oil-boilers, washermen, scribes, merchants, workmen, priests, and last, but not least, a number of masons, who, no doubt, were of invaluable assistance in breaking through the solid walls of the tombs, and who, doubtless, were well rewarded for their services.

The court of inquiry with which our papyrus deals appears to have put a stop to this nefarious practice for some time; in the time of the Ptolemies, about B.C. 200, we find that articles taken from the tombs were being exposed for sale, no longer privately and in secret, but in the open market, and, as no steps appear to have been taken to stop it, it soon became a common thing.

Little by little, however, nature stepped in to stop these acts of sacrilege, and the sands of the desert put an end to a practice against which the authorities of the period appear to have been almost powerless. The rock-cut tombs in the desert, being exposed to the strong winds which blow over the Nile valley from the Arabian coast, gradually covered up the last resting-places of Egypt's mighty dead with the desert sand, until their very site had been forgotten, only to be revealed later by the spade of the modern explorer.

The Forgery Acts.

THOUGH many minor offences were regarded as deserving of death, it was not till 1729 that an Act was passed making forgery a capital offence. This was done, as the Statute says, to check the increase of the "pernicious and abominable crimes of forgery and perjury." From that time the gallows in almost every assize town, and notably the Tyburn Tree, were kept busy despatching forgers who had been convicted on the most rudimentary evidence. One of the clauses in the Bill which ordained death as the penalty for forgery stated that the crime must have been committed "with an intention to defraud," and this was the single phrase upon which the notorious Dr. Dodd, whose life we shall shortly relate, based his defence.

After 1821, the punishment for most cases of forgery was transportation for life, but it was not till 1837 that the capital penalty was entirely abolished for this offence. Since that time various modifications have been made in the penal code, and it now rests largely with the judge what sentence he will pass. The Brothers Bidwell, who attempted a gigantic series of frauds on the Bank of England, were awarded penal servitude for life, while almost at every sessions we hear of youngsters, who have fallen in a moment of temptation, being punished with a few months in gaol.

Curious Criminal Hoax.

ONE of the most extraordinary criminal hoaxes of the past century was perpetrated in 1890, when some heartless practical joker spread throughout the province of Bosnia a rumour that Baron Rothschild, the most popular and wealthy of all Vienna bankers, had been sentenced to death, and was willing to pay the sum of a million florins to the relatives of anyone who would act as his substitute. A million florins is a wonderful gold mine in the eyes of the Bosnian peasants, and though these seemingly simple folk have, to the outward eye, little knowledge of business, they have a great love for speculation. Accordingly, several syndicates were formed to provide the substitute, who was to be selected by lot from the body of subscribers, the million florins to be divided between the others who were lucky enough not to draw the fatal number. More than this, the burgomasters of the various small villages in Bosnia were besieged by indigent peasants who desired to be beheaded in the place of the banker, so that they might leave riches to their children. For weeks the municipal authorities were occupied in turning away applicants for the scaffold. The Austrian Government made efforts to trace the author of this dismal joke, but were unable to fix the guilt on anybody.

The Sensational Story of

ELIZABETH CANNING.

She told a circumstantial tale of being kidnapped and cruelly ill-used. Two women were found guilty—one sentenced to death. Further inquiry led to a second trial, in which the verdict was reversed and Elizabeth was convicted of perjury.

"O, what a tangled web we weave
When first we practise to deceive."
—SIR WALTER SCOTT, "Marmion."

FEW cases in the annals of crime have caused more excitement or created a more widely spread public interest than that of Elizabeth Canning. For months the whole of London was violently agitated by the question of her guilt or innocence. And to this day, although a court of justice finally declared her guilty, and meted out to her the punishment of her crime, it is not absolutely certain that the sentence was just. At any rate, there still hangs over the case a veil of mystery. And now we shall proceed.

The details of this sensational story were as follows:

On January 4, 1753, there appeared in the "Daily Advertiser" the following advertisement:—"Lost, a girl, about eighteen years of age, 5ft. in height, slightly pitted with small-pox, fresh coloured, with high forehead, light-blue eyes, fair eyebrows, dark hair. Dressed in purple masquerade stuff gown, white handkerchief and apron, black quilted petticoat, green undercoat, black shoes, blue stockings, white straw hat with green ribbons. She was left on Monday last near Houndsditch, and has not been heard of since. Whoever shall give information concerning her to Mrs. Canning, a scourer, at Aldermanbury Postern, shall receive ten guineas reward."

The young woman thus advertised as lost was Elizabeth Canning, servant in the family of Mr. Edward Lyon, a master carpenter in Aldermanbury. Her father, up to the time of his death, had been in the employment of Mr. Lyon; her mother, a scourer, or charwoman, lived close by. On January 1, 1753, Elizabeth Canning had leave from her mistress to spend the day with her uncle, Thomas Colley, at Saltpetre Bank, now Dock Street, near Wellclose Square. In the evening Colley and his wife accompanied their niece on her way back to her master's house as far as Houndsditch, and parted with her at nine o'clock. The girl was then within a quarter of an hour's walk of Aldermanbury, yet she never reached Mr. Lyon's house, nor did she call at her mother's. From the moment she parted with the Colleys, at nine o'clock, nothing more was seen or heard of Elizabeth Canning.

The surprise and alarm of her friends were intense, for the girl bore an excellent character, and had been known to numbers of persons in the neighbourhood from her childhood. Advertisements similar to that we have given were repeatedly inserted in the newspapers, but they produced no result.

There was a rumour that shrieks, as of a woman in distress, had been heard issuing from a hackney coach at Bishopsgate about the time of her disappearance, but though advertisements were addressed specially to hackney coachmen, there was no driver of any such vehicle who was able or willing to throw any light on the mystery. All trace of the girl appeared to be lost, and the mother gave up all hope of ever seeing her daughter again alive.

Four weeks went by. At quarter past ten p.m. on January 20, just as the inmates were about to go to bed, the latch of Mrs. Canning's door was lifted, and a figure entered, pale, emaciated, with livid lips and sunken cheeks, bent almost double, wearing no clothes but a shift, a petticoat, and a filthy old bedgown, her head being bandaged with a blood-stained rag.

Such was the condition in which Elizabeth Canning returned home after four weeks' mysterious absence. Her mother went into a fit at the sight. Neighbours were summoned. Mr. Lyon, Mr. Wintlebury, in whose service she had been for two years, Mr. Robert Scarratt, and other respectable persons came at once to express their sympathy or satisfy their curiosity. Where had she been, and what had happened during the four weeks? These were the questions put, and as soon as she was sufficiently composed to speak, this was the account Elizabeth gave:

As she was passing through Moorfields on the night of the 1st of January, after parting from her uncle and aunt, she was attacked by "two big, ugly men," who first robbed her of her purse, containing 13s. 6d., and then began to strip her of her clothes. She screamed, but they stopped her mouth with a handkerchief, and when she struggled, one of them gave her a blow on the head with a stick which rendered her insensible. When she came to herself again, she was being dragged along a road by the two men.

About four in the morning, as she guessed from the light, they arrived at a house, into which her captors carried her. There she saw an elderly woman and two young ones. The old woman took hold of her, and asked her if she would "go their way, and wear fine clothes, and have her pockets full of money like a lady." But Elizabeth, believing them to mean that she should become a prostitute, resolutely said "No." Thereupon the elder woman took a knife out of a drawer, cut the laces of her stays, tore them off her, and giving her a slap in the face, told her she "should suffer in the flesh" till she would do what she was asked to do. Then the girl was pushed upstairs into "a longish, darkish room," in which there was some hay, a pitcher of water, a number of pieces of dry bread, a fireplace, a grate, a cask, a pewter basin, a tobacco mould, and a few other articles.

She thought the place was about ten miles from London, on the Hertford road, because through the crevices in the boards nailed over the window she saw a coach pass, which she knew to be the Hertford coach, because her mistress had often sent her with parcels to the coach office, and she recognised the coachman.

Here Mr. Richard Scarratt remarked, "I'll lay a guinea to a farthing she has been at Mother Wells's."

Elizabeth said she thought she had heard the name of Wells mentioned by someone on the stairs as she was listening at the door. On being asked what the woman was like who took her stays, she said, "A tall, black, swarthy woman," whereupon Mr. Scarratt promptly remarked, "It could not have been Mother Wells, then."

In this room or loft Elizabeth Canning was imprisoned for four weeks, during which time no one came to see her, and she had to subsist on the water in the pitcher, the pieces of bread, and a mince pie she had in the pocket of her petticoat. At last, in desperation, she worked with her fingers at a crack in one of the boards nailed over the window, and succeeded in tearing it away. Through the opening she made her escape, tearing her ear badly as she did so. The filthy old bedgown in which she wrapped herself she found in the grate of the room. She then gave a minute description of the route she took through a field, past a tan-yard, and over a little bridge into the high road, where she met a man who directed her on the way to London.

The girl's strange story appeared to be conclusively corroborated by her starved appearance, her numbed and withered limbs. It was evident that she had been the victim of a cruel outrage, and the whole neighbourhood was filled with fierce resentment against those who had ill-used her.

On January 31, Elizabeth repeated her story before Alderman Chitty, and a warrant was granted for the arrest of Mother Wells, and the inmates of her house. On the following day Elizabeth Canning, accompanied by her mother and several friends, went with the warrant officer to Enfield Wash, where Mother Wells's house was. The house is, we believe, still standing, a little beyond the tenth milestone on the Hertford Road, on the right hand, at the corner of the lane leading to the Ordnance Factory station. It is no longer, however, a haunt of tramps, gipsies, and doubtful characters generally, as it was in Mother Wells's time, but is the respectable abode of honest and industrious tenants.

Elizabeth was taken from room to room till she came to the loft, when she at once exclaimed, "This is the room in which I was, but there is more hay in it now." She then pushed some of the hay aside with her foot, and showed two holes in the floor which she had observed. She also pointed out the cask, the saddle, and the tobacco mould, and the pewter basin. The board over one of the windows was split, and had evidently been freshly mended. There was no grate in the room, and there were three saddles instead of one and

the door which she described as locked was only fastened by a button; but these were only trifling inaccuracies; in the main her description was correct, and her story appeared to need no further confirmation.

The girl was then brought into the room in which all the inmates of the house were assembled. She passed Mother Wells by without notice, but, pointing to an old gipsy woman named Mary Squires, said, without hesitation, "That old woman in the corner is the woman who cut off my stays." The gipsy rose from her seat by the fire, and drawing aside the cloak in which she was partially muffled, disclosed a face such as once seen could not easily be forgotten. She was, as the girl had described her, "tall, black, and swarthy." She looked at Canning and exclaimed:

"Me rob you! I never saw you in my life before. For God's sake do not swear my life away! Pray, madam, look at this face; if you have once seen it before you must have remembered it, for God Almighty I think never made such another. Pray, madam, when do you say I robbed you?"

Elizabeth said it was on the first day of the New Year.

"Lord bless me!" exclaimed the gipsy, "I was a hundred and twenty miles away from this place then."

George Squires, the gipsy's son, added, "We were in Dorsetshire at that time, at a place called Abbotsbury. We went there to keep our Christmas."

The gipsy woman did not exaggerate when she spoke of her face as one to be remembered. It was a singularly hideous face, deeply seamed and scarred by disease—certainly not a face to be forgotten by anyone who had once seen it. Still, the woman was "tall, black, and swarthy," as Elizabeth had said.

Besides Mother Wells and the two gipsies, there were in the house Fortune Natus and his wife Judith, and a young woman named Virtue Hall—a singular collection of names—all of whom were taken before the nearest magistrate, Mr. Teshmaker, of Ford's Green. On hearing the evidence, his worship discharged four of the persons, but committed Mary Squires and Mother Wells for trial—the first for stealing Elizabeth Canning's stays, value ten shillings—a capital offence in those days—the other for being accessory to the theft.

And now comes the remarkable part of the story. On February 21, 1753, Mary Squires and Susannah Wells were placed at the bar of the Old Bailey, charged with the aforesaid crime. Elizabeth Canning told her story again, and was corroborated in every point by Virtue Hall, who had turned king's evidence. When Mary Squires was called upon for her defence, she called three witnesses to prove an alibi. The first was John Gibbons, a publican of Abbotsbury, near Dorchester, 150 miles from Enfield, as the crow flies, who swore that Mary Squires had been at his house from January 1 to 9. The second was William Clarke, also of Abbotsbury, who confirmed Gibbons's statement. The third was Thomas Greville, of Coombe, near Salisbury, who deposed that the woman had been at his house on January 14, on her way to London.

To rebut this evidence, a man named Iniser was called, who swore that he had seen Squires near Enfield in the first week in January.

Mother Wells admitted that her character was not above reproach. She was what was termed "a hempen widow," in other words, her husband had been hanged, but she most solemnly asseverated that she had never set eyes upon Elizabeth Canning before February 1, when the girl came down with the warrant officer. The jury found both prisoners guilty.

On the last day of the sessions, when the two women were called up to receive sentence, Squires declared that she was at Greville's house at Coombe on New Year's Day, on Thursday in the same week at Basingstoke, on Friday at Bagshot, at Brentford from Saturday to Monday, and did not reach Enfield until the following Tuesday—that is to say, more than a week after the alleged outrage. This was inconsistent with John Gibbons's story that she had been at Abbotsbury from the 1st to the 9th of January, and was held to be proof that her defence was false; but it never seemed to have occurred to anyone that the gipsy reckoned by the old style, between which and the new style, that only dated from the previous September, there was a difference of eleven days.

Mary Squires was sentenced to death, and Wells to be branded in the hand and imprisoned for six months. The first part of the sentence upon Mother Wells was carried out immediately, and as the poor wretch writhed and screamed in agony while her flesh hissed under the red-hot iron, a yell of delight burst from the brutal mob which crowded round the sessions-house, for public sympathy in all classes was with the cruelly-outraged Elizabeth Canning.

There was one man, however, who was firmly convinced that there had been a miscarriage of justice, and that man was Sir Crispe Gascoyne, the Lord Mayor, notable as being the first chief magistrate who resided in the present dull and stately Mansion House. In virtue of his office he had presided at the trial, and so strong were his doubts as to the correctness of the verdict, that he instituted on his own responsibility a close and careful inquiry into the facts. He found that there were numbers of other persons at Abbotsbury who could confirm the evidence given by Gibbons and Clarke. Above all, when Virtue Hall was closely interrogated, she retracted her evidence, and confessed that she had sworn falsely in order to curry favour with those who were promoting Canning's case. These facts Sir Crispe Gascoyne laid before the Crown on making his report of the convicts. The case was referred to the Attorney and Solicitor-General, and in the meantime Mary Squires was respited. The report of the law officers of the Crown was that the evidence was in the convict's favour, and the gipsy woman received a free pardon.

The latch lifted and a figure entered.

This reversal of the verdict of the jury produced a remarkable sensation. The public took the matter up warmly, and dozens of pamphlets were published on the one side and the other, which are still preserved on the shelves of the British Museum Library. The whole town was split up into factions, the one siding with Mary Squires and the other with Elizabeth Canning. Old friends quarrelled over the controversy, furious mobs attacked Sir Crispe Gascoyne in his coach, and the sympathy with Elizabeth Canning, who was certainly the popular heroine, took the form of subscriptions in her behalf. Every obstacle was thrown in the way of her indictment; nevertheless, she was at last indicted for corrupt and wilful perjury, and was committed for trial on that charge.

On April 29, 1754, Elizabeth Canning stood a prisoner in the same dock in which Mary Squires and Susannah Wells had stood fourteen months before. The trial lasted several days. The object of the prosecution was, first, to prove the gipsy woman's alibi; secondly, to contradict Canning's story by the evidence of several persons who had been in the very room at Mother Wells's during the time she professed to have been detained there.

No less than thirty-six witnesses were called from Abbotsbury and the neighbourhood to prove the alibi. All of them swore positively to having seen Mary Squires in Dorsetshire

at the time she was alleged to have been at Enfield, 150 miles away. And Fortune Natus and his wife swore that they had slept every night in January in the loft in which Elizabeth Canning had sworn she was imprisoned alone. So much for the evidence for the prosecution.

But the defence was equally strong. Six-and-twenty witnesses swore that they had seen Mary Squires in and near Enfield at the end of December and beginning of January—swore to the fact as positively as the thirty-six from Abbotsbury had sworn that they had seen the woman in their neighbourhood at the very same time. The keeper of the turnpike gate on Stamford Hill deposed that between ten and eleven on the night of New Year's Day he "heard something of a sobbing, crying noise," and shortly after saw two men dragging a young woman along. They lifted her over the stile at the gate, and one said, with an oath, "How drunk she is!" The turnpike-keeper, thinking she was really drunk, took no more notice.

Thomas Bennett deposed that on the afternoon of January 29 he met a young woman about a quarter of a mile from Mother Wells's, whose description tallied exactly with that of Elizabeth Canning. The truthfulness and independence of these witnesses was not denied, but it was suggested that they were mistaken.

The Recorder, in his summing up, bore decidedly against the prisoner, and the jury returned this curious verdict: That the prisoner was "guilty of perjury, but *not* wilful and corrupt perjury." The Recorder refused to accept their verdict, and sent them back to reconsider it. After two hours' deliberation, the jury, who had first declared on their oaths that the prisoner was not guilty of wilful and corrupt perjury, declared, on the same oath, that she *was* guilty. The court, composed partly of judges and partly of civic magistrates, was divided in opinion. Nine were for transportation, eight for a lighter punishment, and the opinion of the majority prevailed.

The Recorder, in passing sentence, said, "I have attended both trials, and in the most solemn manner I declare that I always thought your evidence false, and that the witnesses produced in your defence were most grossly mistaken."

So Elizabeth Canning was sentenced to one month's imprisonment in Newgate Gaol, and then to be transported to one of His Majesty's colonies in America for the term of seven years.

At the request of her friends, New England was made the scene of her transportation; and so unshaken was the public sympathy that hundreds of pounds were collected for her before she went out to undergo her sentence of exile.

Not many who examine the evidence carefully, as we have done, will agree with the Recorder in his certainty of her guilt. To us the case is wrapped in mystery, and what puzzles us most is the evidence for and against the gipsy's alibi. Six-and-thirty respectable persons swear that a woman, whom they knew well, was in Dorsetshire at a certain time, and six-and-twenty others, presumably as respectable, swear that the same person, whom they knew equally well, was at the same time one hundred and fifty miles away in Middlesex! There was not the slightest motive on either side for perjury, and one can only ask in bewilderment, is there any faith to be placed in human testimony?

SHE WAS ATTACKED BY TWO UGLY MEN.

We will only add that the last notice we have been able to find of Elizabeth Canning is in the "Annual Register" for 1761. It runs thus: "Elizabeth Canning arrived in England, and received a legacy of £500, left her three years ago by an old lady of Newington Green."

No further light was ever thrown upon the case, no other story than her own was ever put forward to account for her four weeks' absence, and to this day no one who has studied the evidence at her trial has been able to decide whether she were innocent or guilty of the crime for which she suffered.

FORGERY was made a capital offence in 1734. Inoculation was first tried on criminals in 1721. At the Oxford Assizes, 1577, the High Sheriff and three hundred persons caught the gaol distemper and died.

THE FALL OF ISRAEL LIPSKI.

AN ACCOUNT OF A BRUTAL MURDER PROMPTED BY A PALTRY MOTIVE.

"For villanie maketh villanie,
And by his deeds a chorle is seine."
CHAUCER.—"Romaunt of the Rose."

ENGLAND was just recovering from the fierce excitement which the celebrations of the Jubilee of our late sovereign, Queen Victoria, had caused, when a report, which flew through the land, that a murder of a peculiarly cold-blooded type, and of a form which was almost unprecedented in the annals of British criminal history, had been committed, startled the nation.

As a race the British are not addicted to the use of poison, and though from time to time we do have cases brought into our courts of foul murders committed by its aid, they are very much in the minority, and the contrast between our own records and those of other nations would be instructive. The vitriol thrower and the secret poisoner have their fields on the Continent, and we know little about them in this fair land of ours. The naturally virile nature of the Englishman possibly accounts for this: if he has an enemy, the true Briton prefers to meet him face to face, and even if he be depraved through criminal contamination or instinct, he has a secret hankering to see the red blood flow, and to know that his foe recognises the hand which has struck him. This is all very horrid, but it is true. But if there be any real difference between varieties of murder in their heinousness, the preference must be given to the crime of violence instead of the secret slaying of the poisoner. It is with a crime of this latter kind that we have now to do.

Throughout the latter part of May, 1887, and the commencement of June, the eyes of the whole of Great Britain and the civilised world were turned to the pageants which issued from Buckingham Palace. The country was just settling itself down to the quiet contemplation of the memories of regal splendour which had been presented to it, when suddenly the scene was changed, and the papers rang with accounts of the squalid East End of London. Such is the change which the kaleidoscope of life brought about. From the contemplation of the Royal Court, where rooms are equal in number to the guests, where diamonds sparkle, orders dazzle, and lovely costumes lend a charm to the whole picture, we were asked to transport ourselves to the dens of the poor in "Foreign London," to imagine a house tenanted by a horde of aliens, clothed in garments, many of which were little better than rags, and all were dirty: to take ourselves into the overcrowded by-ways of the great Metropolis, to where the poor are huddled together like beasts of the field, living amidst surroundings which the beasts would spurn. Truly a great change!

It was on June 28th, 1887, that the evening papers rang with the announcement, "Horrible murder in the East End," and business men on their way from the city stopped and bought copies, eager to learn what was the fresh horror offered to them.

They read, and were disgusted. They read, and told their friends, who likewise read, and passed the paper on. The sudden revulsion lent a charm to a crime which would otherwise have been uninteresting.

Briefly, the facts were these.

In the squalid thoroughfare known as Batty Street, Whitechapel—a district tenanted almost entirely by aliens—dwelt a whole colony of Polish Jews. Number 16, Batty Street, was filled with them, every separate room was occupied by outcasts from Russia. All in this house were extremely poor, but, to their credit be it said, they all made some attempt at gaining a livelihood.

On the first floor dwelt a boot-riveter, named Isaac Angel, with his wife Rachael, or Miriam. This couple were a little better off than their fellows, since they were able to afford two rooms. On the top floor lived another Pole, who professed to be a walking-stick maker, one Israel Lipski. He was well known to all the other inhabitants of the house, and was generally considered to be a well-ordered young man, though as dirty as the generality of his fellow-countrymen.

On the morning of the 28th of June, Isaac Angel got up early and left the house in company with a fellow employee to go to his work. At that time his wife was in bed sleeping, and as he did not want to disturb her, he went into the other room before he put on his boots.

Half an hour later, one of Lipski's employees, named Simon Rosenbloom, came to the house, and shortly afterwards went away, and at eight o'clock a boy named Pitman put in an appearance. Then a Mr. Schmuss called, and was told that Mr. Lipski was engaged, but would see him if he waited. Schmuss did so for about twenty minutes, but, getting tired of resting on the unsavoury stairs, went his way.

The next incident in the history of this eventful day was when Lipski went out for a walk, saying that he was going to purchase a sponge and a vice for use in his business. He strolled down the street till he came to the shop of a Mr. Schmidt, where the articles he was in search of were to be obtained, but, instead of buying what he wanted, he turned into the next shop, a chemist's, and bought a small quantity of nitric acid, saying that he had occasion to use it when working at his trade. He then returned to 16, Batty Street, and finding the landlady downstairs, asked her if she would

ISRAEL LIPSKI.

make him some coffee. She agreed, and went out to purchase the necessary materials, for houses in Batty Street are not equipped with store-rooms. On her return she went to see what had become of Israel Lipski, and could not find him, so she deferred preparing the coffee till she could hear from him when he wanted it.

From time to time during the morning several of the women who lived in the house went and knocked at the door of Mrs. Angel's room, but could get no reply. Towards half-past eleven Mrs. Leah Levy, who was rather intimate with Miriam, called, and, receiving no answer, got a little alarmed. She pryed through the keyhole, and noticed that the key was turned in the lock. Again and again she banged at the door, but only the echoes of her thumping rewarded her efforts.

At this she got alarmed, for she knew that Mrs. Angel was far advanced in pregnancy, and she thought that perchance some accident had overtaken the poor woman, so summoning up all her strength—and she was a fine, lusty woman, born and bred to exert her full physical powers—she rushed against the door till she managed to burst it open.

After the crashing of the timber, the silence of the room seemed ghastly. But Mrs. Levy was a woman of purpose,

and she commenced to examine the apartment. The blinds were drawn down, and her first action was to pull them up. Then she saw that her friend, Mrs. Angel, was lying in the bed with her face turned towards the wall.

"This," thought Mrs. Levy, "is what I expected." And forthwith she went towards the bed to see if she could render any assistance to the woman, whom she fully believed was raising the Hebrew census roll. But when she got to the beside she noticed that the bedclothes were rather deranged, and that various portions of the woman's body were exposed. Looking even closer, she perceived deep yellow stains round her friend's mouth, similar stains on her breast and neck, which were blistered, and saw that the sufferer's chemise was also damaged by some fluid.

Several times she called "Miriam! Miriam!" but got no response; then she touched the figure. It was nearly cold! She felt the heart; it was not beating!

In violent alarm Mrs. Levy spread the news throughout the house, and the nearest doctor, Dr. Kay, was summoned. He arrived in a few minutes, and declared that Mrs. Angel was dead.

THE DOCTOR ARRIVED AND DECLARED MRS. ANGEL WAS DEAD.

The stains on the breasts, mouth, and clothes, told him that the woman had perished from some irritant poison, and he looked round the room to see if he could find any trace of the drug which had been used, and among the bedclothes he discovered a small phial, the acrid fumes from which told him that it had contained one of the three great acids. Closer examination showed that the woman's head had been bruised, so that it was probable that there had been a struggle before she was poisoned, and cast a suspicion of murder on the case.

The investigation had got to this stage when a groan was heard, apparently coming from under the bed, and the doctor, together with the constable, who had then arrived, looked to see whence it came. There they found a young man, clad in his trousers and shirt, and with his waistcoat open, lying on his back, with his arms outstretched. He was quite unconscious, and on his lips and garments were also stains similar to those on the corpse on the bed.

He was identified as Israel Lipski by those who had entered the room, and as his condition was very critical, an ambulance was obtained, and he was conveyed to the London Hospital.

This was all the story as it was at first presented to the public, but it made rapid strides. After lying insensible for several hours, the unhappy patient in the hospital recovered sufficiently to write his name on a piece of paper. Then he relapsed into oblivion. Rapidly his condition became critical, but as it was clear that he had a certain knowledge of the crime, the Home Office directed that an interpreter should be kept on the premises of the hospital night and day in case the patient should recover sufficiently to throw any light on the matter. Lipski's throat swelled up, and the constriction almost equalled that of hanging, but with the greatest skill the surgeons and doctors managed to steer him through the dangerous period, so that he might experience the more severe sensation.

When he got better, he said that Schmuss and Rosenbloom had murdered the woman, and had forced him to take a drink of spirits, which had been mixed with strong acid. Then they had thrown him under the bed, remarking, "He will soon be as dead as the woman!"

This little story was not believed, and as soon as Lipski was well enough, he was brought to the magistrate's court and formally charged with the murder of Miriam Angel, otherwise known as Rachel Angel. From the first he absolutely denied the charge.

The post-mortem performed on the body of the poor woman who had met with such a terrible death revealed the fact that she had died from a dose of impure nitric acid, and that her sufferings must have been extreme. Pure nitric acid would have killed her quickly, or at least induced unconsciousness immediately, but the crude acid which had been administered caused the most acute torture, while the throat was so paralysed that she could not call for aid. Under the circumstances there was only one thing to be done, namely, to commit the prisoner for trial at the Central Criminal Court, and this was promptly done.

On the 29th of July, Israel Lipski was placed on trial at

the Old Bailey on a charge of murdering Miriam, or Rachel Angel. The Crown was represented by Mr. Poland, Q.C., and Mr. Charles Matthews, while to defend the unfortunate prisoner Mr. McIntyre, Q.C., and Mr. Geoghegan appeared. As is the custom in trials for murder, the accused pleaded "Not guilty," and a jury was promptly impanelled to try the cause.

A good deal of interest was manifested in the case, and the court was crowded with people from the West-End, who wished to see what sort of person it was who had desecrated the period of general rejoicing by committing a foul crime.

The evidence for the prosecution bore out the story which we have already given, and was substantiated by the husband of the murdered woman, who said that when he left the house the key of his wife's room was on the inside of the door. He could not suggest any motive for the murder. He had often spoken to Lipski, and almost regarded him as a friend.

The doctors who performed the post-mortem, and who also analysed the washings of the bottle which had been found on the bed of the dead woman, declared that Mrs. Angel had died from the administration of a very crude form of nitric acid, but that at the same time her head had been badly injured by blows from some blunt weapon. These were inflicted before death. The bottle had contained a very curious mixture, composed of three parts of the most impure sulphuric acid with one part of commercial nitric acid. The appearances shown at the post-mortem would correspond with those which would be shown if this was the poison administered.

The technicalities of the trial necessitated it dragging over two days, but the main facts have been recounted, save that Lipski strove to point out that he had had immoral relations with the deceased, a fact he had several times stated while in the London Hospital, but which was subsequently proved to be false.

Mr. Justice Stephens summed up carefully, impressing on the jury that the evidence against the prisoner was very strong, but that it was far from conclusive. No evidence had been brought by the defence to show that Rosenbloom and Schmuss had murdered the unfortunate woman, nor had any species of valid defence been set up, but the law regarded everyone as innocent until he was proved guilty, and there was a certain doubt as to whether the prisoner had been proved culpable. It had not been proved that he had actually bought the bottle which had been found on the bed of the deceased Mrs. Angel. On the other hand, there were other points which led one to conclude that the accused had something to do with the murder. The decision lay with them, and he would dismiss them to their duty.

If the learned judge had any doubt in his mind, the gentlemen of the jury apparently had none in theirs, for they returned into court in nine minutes, having determined on their verdict.

Lipski, who had been taken down to the cells, was brought up, and, in reply to the formal question of the clerk, the foreman of the jury said that they had found Israel Lipski guilty of the murder of Miriam Angel.

When asked the usual question as to whether he had anything to say why he should not be condemned to die according to law, the convict said: "Only that I did not do it." This, like all his remarks, had to be translated by the interpreter, for Lipski spoke only Polish and Yiddish, the lingua franca of the East End. On this the judge passed sentence of death. He saw that the beauties of his rhetoric would be lost when translated by the interpreter, and so he merely confined himself to the facts of the case. Lipski had murdered a defenceless woman, and had selected a particularly brutal method of doing so; therefore he must die, and the only sentence which could be passed on him was, etc., etc.

The condemned man smiled at the court, and was taken down to the corridor which led to the cells of the doomed in old Newgate.

Now, one would naturally have thought that when a man like Lipski had been found guilty of such an atrocious murder, for apparently no strong motive save the paltry pecuniary benefit which he could derive from the rifling of his victim's rooms, people would have allowed the sentence of the law to pass undisputed. But no. The moment that Lipski was in the condemned cell petitions were opened for his reprieve, and, daily, well-dressed throngs flocked to the various offices where copies were to be found to add their names to the list of those who wished for the culprit's life to be saved.

Lipski himself was cheerful at first, believing that he would be rescued from the gallows, and persistently declared that he was absolutely innocent of the murder of Mrs. Angel.

The Home Secretary listened to the prayers of the petitioners, and granted a respite of a week. During this slight delay important evidence was brought to light which went to show that the bottle of mixed nitric and sulphuric acid found on the bed of the murdered woman was purchased by Israel Lipski from a Mr. Buchner, a chemist, who recognised the convict. Furthermore, experiments with this crude acid were made on cloth similar to that which the convict had been wearing, and the stains were found to be identical.

Once or twice while lying in the condemned cell Lipski set to work to write his confession, and when the news of his respite arrived he had actually written some portion of it, but on receipt of the joyful news he tore up what he had written and again protested his innocence.

On Saturday, the 20th of August, the decision of the Home Secretary to the effect that he saw no reason why the law should not take its course was made known to Lipski, and on the following day—Sunday—he sat down and wrote out the following document:

"I alone was guilty of the murder of Miriam Angel. I thought she had money. The door was unlocked, and I entered. The woman was asleep. I had no thought of violating her. Miriam Angel awoke and cried out softly, so I struck her on the head and put my hand over her mouth. That morning I had bought a pennyworth of nitric acid to put an end to myself, and I remembered that it was in my pocket, so I took the bottle out and poured most of it down the woman's throat. She fainted. I took the rest. Hearing people coming upstairs, I locked the door on the inside and crawled under the bed. I fainted. Rosenbloom and Schmuss knew nothing of the crime."

The condemned man also stated that he was known as Lobulski as well as Lipski.

After he had written his confession he was attended, at his own request, by the Rev. Mr. Singer, the Rabbi of the Bayswater Synagogue, who strove to prepare him for the great change which was to take place on the morrow. Mr. Singer remained with the convict till late at night, and was with him again the first thing on the following morning.

On Monday the prisoner rose early and partook of a slight breakfast, and then spent his time praying with the Rabbi, who was as much affected as the convict. A few minutes before nine the two sheriffs of the City of London, together with the Under-sheriff, entered the condemned cell. Mr. Under-sheriff Rose-Innes said: "Lipski, you have made a confession; have you anything to add to that confession?"

"No, I have nothing to say," was the reply; "I am guilty."

Berry, the hangman, was then introduced, and rapidly pinioned the prisoner, who made no resistance.

In the press yard, facing the front of the execution shed, stood a small knot of reporters and other spectators who had permission to be present. The beam of the gallows and three depending ropes were all that could be seen, but all knew that the centre rope was for Lipski, and that the others were solely for the purpose of raising the drop when it had fallen. Presently out of the small door the procession emerged, the Rabbi reading the Hebrew prayer, commencing, "Audown Olom, etc." (the Lord of the universe who hath reigned). At the door of the shed the minister stopped, and the condemned man passed him, and stood, ashen pale, before the spectators.

He was immediately placed on the drop, and while Berry adjusted the fatal noose the Rabbi commenced intoning the prayer, "Shemah Yisorti," which in English is "Hear, O Israel, the Lord God is one God." At that moment the bolt was drawn, and Lipski disappeared into the pit beneath.

Two doctors who were in attendance ran down the steps into the chamber below the scaffold, and felt the pulse of the hanging man, and they found that it did not cease to beat for four and a half minutes after the lever was pulled. At the same time, there is little doubt that the wretched malefactor did not suffer any pain during that period. Death was actually due to dislocation of the cervical vertebra.

As the black flag fluttered slowly up the pole its appearance was greeted with three ringing cheers from a crowd of from two to three thousand persons, who had assembled solely for that purpose. In the throng were many Jews, who had assembled to pray for the poor murderer, but the roughs in the crowd mobbed them and hustled them till at last it became almost necessary for the police to interfere.

As is the way of the world, the very people who had signed the numerous petitions for the reprieve of Lipski were the very first to rejoice over his untimely death, for he was only twenty-two years of age when he was blotted out on the scaffold at Newgate.

A Feminine Fiend who chopped up her husband's corpse and tried to burn the evidences of her crime.

Catherine Churchill

—Truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may; but in the end truth will out.

SHAKESPEARE—"Merchant of Venice." Act I., Scene 2

A WOMAN'S character is often dominated by a single master passion.

Those of men are generally more neutral tinted, they are less obvious, more complex, more subject to reason's ruling, and less guided by the dictates of a biassed heart.

But a woman will give herself up body and soul to a master passion. She will become the passion's creature, following its footsteps with dog-like devotion, though they lead her to the very gates of hell.

Her thoughts, her desires, her conduct, her being become absorbed and engrossed in the one all-pervading passion of her soul.

In the story of Catherine Churchill will be recounted the history of a passion very common amongst women—the passionate love of a mother for a son, the blind, unreasoning worship of a man-child, whose nod is law, and whose word is omnipotent.

In such devotion as this there is something elemental, almost animal; something that makes a strong appeal to the primary instincts of all women, good or bad, and the best men.

Such a devotion as this will illumine the darkest character, will even shed a beautifying glow upon natures otherwise dark and repellent, as in the case of which we write.

Let us tell the story.

Samuel Churchill was a man of small property, accumulating interests, and deserved popularity, in the village of Knowle St. Giles some fifty years ago.

He owned a bright, pleasant cottage, in which he lived with his ailing wife and his one daughter; he was also the landlord of several cottages in the neighbourhood of Taunton. He was at this time fifty-seven years of age, and at the height of his prosperity, when his long-sick wife suddenly took a pronounced turn for the worse, and died.

His daughter was too young to attend to the household duties, so he determined to look out for some suitable woman to take the situation of housekeeper in his establishment, who would superintend his domestic affairs and look after his daughter for a fixed wage. His choice ultimately fell upon one Catherine Waldren, a single young woman, who lived alone in the village.

She was a silent, quiet creature, not over popular with the neighbours, and regarded with something akin to mistrust by the young girls of the district, who liked their joke, their dance, and their song, and who were disposed to be critical and unappreciative of saturnine and morose dispositions.

However, Samuel Churchill thought Catherine would suit him very well in a domestic capacity, so the position was offered to her, and accordingly accepted.

In person, at the time of which we write, she was not unprepossessing; in stature tall, with a rather grave-looking face, dark eyes and hair.

But her countenance lacked individuality; her mouth was not sensitive, and at times she had the appearance of being stupid and sullen.

Certainly she did not possess a vivacious imagination, neither was she ever famed for a lively intellect.

Indeed, she was a dull, homely creature, with no thought above the careful preparation of apple dumplings; a person without enterprise, ambition, or attainments. Yet we shall see a master passion transform this placid, harmless female into an engine of destruction; a veritable she-wolf, fierce in her affection for and protection of a prodigal young cub!

She took up her duties as housekeeper to Samuel Churchill with energy, and for a time she fulfilled this position without any interruption in the level monotony of her days, or unfortunate adventure.

But Samuel began to tire of a widower's life; he had run for years in double harness, and found single travelling lonely and unsuited to his disposition. One day he seduced his housekeeper, and afterwards their relationship became practically that of man and wife.

Catherine was not greatly perturbed at this alteration in her situation. She had done duty for the deceased Mrs. Churchill for some time now, and was so constituted that her will was entirely subservient to that of her master.

She was not in love with Samuel, her master, who was old enough to be her father, but her placid, unquestioning disposition was not given to violent or extreme emotions.

Shortly after Catherine's promotion from a housekeeper to a mistress, however, she discovered herself enceinte, and from this moment she became a changed woman. The first stirring of a new life within her troubled her mysteriously.

What was this unknown force coming into her life, this unborn tyrant that bade her view existence from a fresh and arbitrary standpoint, this strange light breaking through the thick clouds that had up to now obscured her mind and her thoughts, this factor of rebellion that caused her heart to rise up in revolt against her present dishonourable position?

She was not capable of answering these questions, but for all that her frozen, calm indifference melted into passionate understanding; the scales of ignorance peeled from her eyelids, the strange light broke in upon her inert servitude, showed her the depths of her woman's being, and stained with the bright and glittering colours of a new dawn the bleak and bare desolation of her former self.

Catherine became a mother.

The little child was called Samuel Waldren.

Catherine, prior to the birth of her son, had used all arguments to persuade Churchill to marry her, and thus legitimatise her offspring. But the old man had been whimsical and obdurate, had laughed at her request, had joked about her new-found moral sense, and had successfully avoided the ties of matrimony.

So the little boy was born to his mother's name, and became the day-star of her existence, and the object of her passionate devotion, love, and tenderness.

Years passed, leaving the characters of the drama stationary; all but the young Samuel, who grew and thrived on his mother's unreasoning affection. Then Churchill's daughter, grown into a pretty and lively young woman, fell in love, was courted, and became engaged.

In due course the marriage took place, and the girl left the protection of her father's roof for the arms of a husband; and Churchill remained at Knowle St. Giles with Catherine Waldren and her son.

After the latter's birth, the mother no longer felt any desire to become old Churchill's lawfully wedded wife. It was too late to legitimatise her child, and personally she cared very little about the matter; besides, she had other matters now to engross her thoughts.

Dishonour, the world's opinion, personal position, were all forgotten in the holy delight of maternity.

But now that the daughter of the house had gone, and Churchill was growing advanced in years, she began to think whether it would not ensure greater benefits for young Samuel if she was to become the querulous old man's wife. Her influence over Churchill had been for some years on the gradual ascent, and what had been refused her before there was every likelihood would now be granted handsomely.

So once more Catherine determined to marry her master, and this time it did not take her long to attain her desire.

Churchill, infirm as he now was, was dependant upon his housekeeper for his every want, and could afford to refuse her nothing.

The two were very quietly married in a neighbouring church, Catherine being thirty-two years old, and Samuel Churchill seventy.

Soon after the wedding the old man made a will, in which he assigned his property in its entirety to his illegitimate son, Samuel Waldren.

This young gentleman developed a brutal disposition, was hated by his schoolfellows, became a terror to the ancient dames of the village—whom he pestered with jocose cruelty

—and remained as ever the beloved, the fondly worshipped idol of his mother. As he grew into manhood his dangerous proclivities became more pronounced, and he was cordially hated by his old father. Churchill was now thoroughly under the thumb of his wife, anxious to please and conciliate her temper, on all occasions dreading her anger, and afraid of her reprisals should he by any chance offend her.

His life was none too happy, left as he was entirely to the society of the young vagrant Waldren and his iron-natured wife, who was gentleness personified where her son was concerned, but who was capable of ferocity and violence where that sweet youth's will was crossed or his designs frustrated. One day the son and the father engaged in an open quarrel. The old man for an hour seemed to regain his former strength

Catherine rushed into the room like a whirlwind, her eyes ablaze with anger, and her features working horribly with the excess of her passion.

"So you've turned Sammy out of doors, have you?"

"Don't you hit me, Catherine! don't you hit me!" pleaded the old man in querulous accents. "I couldn't abear to be hit—I couldn't. He can come back, he can, when he likes."

The appeal of age was lost upon Catherine, and she caught her husband a sound box on the ears, whereupon he began to cry fitfully to himself, like a child that is more frightened than injured.

But it did not suit Master Samuel to return to the parental dwelling. He preferred living "on his own," as he expressed

SHE STRUCK HIM A BLOW ON THE FOREHEAD WITH A BILL-HOOK.

of character, and refused point-blank to provide money for young Samuel to squander.

"You'd better fork up, old 'un," said the youth, with a significant wink, "or else I'll set mother on to you."

Churchill struggled out of his chair, and taking Waldren by the shoulders, pushed him forcibly out of the street door.

"Stay there, you young vagabond! Earn your bread as I did!"

He banged the door in his son's face, and was seized by a severe fit of coughing. The unwonted exertion had taxed his waning energies to the limit, and the momentary excitement having passed, he sank back into his chair in the chimney corner, a decrepit and weak old man, trembling at the thought of his wife's anger when she returned and found the summary treatment that had been dealt out to her darling boy.

it, where he was not subjected to the trying ordeal of an over-fond mother's eternal solicitudes for his behests.

"I daren't come back," he explained to Catherine. "I might kill him, I might. I have got such an awful temper, and I won't stand insults. If I was to flare up and kill him it would be an awful thing, wouldn't it now, mother?"

Mrs. Churchill wept over her son's "ungovernable pride," and provided him with all the money she had at her disposal. Young Waldren went on his way with his tongue in his cheek, and his mother returned to the sniveiling old father, whom she upbraided and denounced for the rest of the evening.

"I wish you were dead, you old devil!" she screamed into his ear as a parting salute.

"I soon will be. I wish I was," he replied, as he stumbled up the stairs to bed.

About this time Catherine's aged mother—she was Mr. Churchill's senior by eight years, and a confirmed invalid—came to live with her daughter, or, rather, to die with her, for it could not be reasonably supposed that the bedridden dame would be an inhabitant of this world much longer. Churchill's daughter and her husband came and visited the old man, bringing with them a very interesting baby, who crowed, and cried, and chuckled, to the infinite delight of its grandfather. Catherine viewed the visitors with ill-disguised aversion and suspicion. Underlying their visit she scented a plot to rob her son of the property Churchill had willed him. The production of the baby was but an artful device to engage the old man's sympathy and affection. The whole transaction was, to her eyes, a deeply concerted plan to rob Samuel of his inheritance.

The mother's uncontrollable, soul-mastering love bridled up into rage and indignation. She was ready to sacrifice her life in defence of her son's prospective fortune, and we shall see that this was no empty resolution.

Churchill's daughter and her husband, offended by the step-mother's ill-disguised hatred, soon returned home, and Catherine was once more left in sole command of the cottage at Knowle St. Giles.

But the effect of the daughter's visit and the baby upon Churchill was apparent to this woman, who had the eyes of an eagle in detecting anything that pointed to her son's disadvantage. The old man was continually babbling about his "darter" and her baby, and was in the seventh heaven of delight when he could get an appreciative listener. Add to this the fact that young Waldren and his father became more and more estranged, quarrelling whenever they met, and one can understand the mother's anxiety regarding her son's inheritance.

Churchill was as cunning as a weasel, and might alter the will at any moment, unknown to anybody, and the change would remain a secret until the day of his death, when Sam Waldren would find his great expectations blown into thin air.

Catherine was perfectly alive to this contingency, and watched her husband's movements with a constant eye. She was apprehensive that he might slip over to the solicitor's when she was out, so whenever she was called away from home, Waldren was set to watch his father's movements, with instructions to prevent, at any cost, Churchill's ever reaching the lawyer's office. By this arrangement there was not a moment in the old man's life during which he was not under careful and adroit supervision.

He would, now and again, mention his daughter and her child in wistful tones, but any prolonged discourse on this subject was rendered impossible by the uncontrollable anger it invariably promoted in his wife.

Now comes the tragic climax of this history.

On the morning of the 4th of March, 1879, Samuel Waldren came into the cottage—as was his invariable custom—to partake of breakfast. Catherine and her son ate their meal in undisturbed harmony, for Churchill had not yet risen from his bed. Waldren had hardly left the cottage to go to work when his father came down into the sitting-room. He was wearing his best clothes. Catherine, who was clearing away the breakfast things, had her back to the door, but hearing his entrance, turned, and staggered.

He was wearing his best clothes!

Catherine grasped the significance of the situation in an instant. Churchill only put on these best clothes of his when he went to church and when he went to his solicitor. To-day was not Sunday, so he was going to his solicitor. He was going there to alter his will, to disinherit her son, to ruin the prospects of her darling boy.

The woman grasped the table for support, and faced her husband with compressed lips and glittering eyes.

Old Churchill cunningly pretended to think that she had not noticed his unusual splendour, and with an elaborate commonplace air took up his stick and hat.

"Where are you going?" asked his wife, in cold, harsh accents.

"Where am I going?"

"Eh, where?"

"I am just going into Chard to see the lawyer."

The woman gave a gasp.

"My God, man, you've got impudence!"

"Impudence, my dear!"

"Impudence! vile, disgusting impudence! I know what you are going to do, what you have been plotting and planning to do for the last three months. You are going to change your will, to disinherit my son Sammy, and all for a chit of a girl, because she's got a baby."

'No, no; don't get such thoughts in your head, my dear. There ain't no reason for 'em."

"You liar! You miserable, canting old villain! Don't I know your way? Haven't I lived with you these twenty-five years? Didn't I live with you before you had the decency to marry me, when my boy was born? I know you through and through. You mean to cheat my Sammy out of his due."

"Share and share alike, I say," said the old man, in a trembling voice. "Half to go to Sammy and half to my darter."

"There, I knew it! I knew it! So help me God, you don't leave this house alive! Think I'm going to stand by and see my boy robbed, and by an old scoundrel like you? Not if I know it!"

There was some perverse element in the atmosphere that day. On ordinary occasions old Churchill would have recoiled from this attack like a beaten cur, dropped into his chimney corner and said no more about the matter; but to-day some exhilarating and bracing influence was abroad that nerved the long-subservient husband into revolt.

He put on his hat and laughed in the infuriated woman's face.

"Don't play the fool, my dear," he said. "Let me pass."

She sprang at him with the spring of a panther, and struck him a frenzied blow on the forehead with a bill-hook she had concealed beneath her apron.

He fell down on the hearth, rolled on his side, and moaned, "Murder! murder! murder!" in a weak voice.

The woman was at him again, hacking at his head and face with the bill-hook until there was no life left in the pitiable carcase.

"You brute! you old brute! to try and rob my son!" she screamed into his ear. But he only grinned at her with his toothless gums, leered in mockery at her fury with his blood-bespattered mouth, for although she raved and ranted like a fury at him, she could not make him hear.

He was quite dead!

Presently she realised that it is futile to abuse a corpse.

"Dead, are you?" said she. "Well, quite time, too."

She laughed hysterically to herself, and paced up and down the room. Then she stopped and regarded her handiwork. It was lying full length on the floor, with its head propped up against a chair, the jaws were distended in a ghastly grin, and a stream of blood was running out of the mouth, and soaking the fine best clothes that were only put on for special occasions.

"I've done it! I've done it! I've made him do right by my Sammy, the old devil! But, my God, it will cost me dear. I may swing for the job."

As her senses returned she became aware of the danger of her position. First of all she locked the front door, then she dragged the body of her victim to the fireplace, and set to work cleaning the floor. She noticed that his blood was quite warm, and remembered how years ago she had been in love with a sheep slaughterer's assistant. Wouldn't he laugh if he saw my hands, she thought. Now and again she glanced up from her work at the dead body of her murdered husband.

His head was hanging on one side, and his legs were sprawled out in an awkward position. She remembered that her father used to look like that when he came home drunk. Her father! Ah, that was long ago.

She went upstairs to the room where her old mother, blind, and nearly deaf, was lying in her usual semi-conscious state on the bed.

"Is that you, dearie?" queried the old woman, in faint accents.

"Yes, it's me, mother. Want anything?"

"No, dearie. Didn't I hear 'igh words between you and your young man just now?"

Mrs. Waldren always insisted on calling Churchill her daughter's young man, although he was eighty-two, and but eight years younger than herself.

"High words, mother?"

"Yes, a-quarrelling, you and 'im."

"No, mother dear, you're mistaken."

"Ah, it must 'ave bin the wind, dearie," replied the old dame, who had another habit of crediting the wind with any inexplicable noises.

Catherine took off her blood-stained dress and bodice and secreted them, washed her hands, threw away the water, and then slipped into fresh garments.

"Are you going out, dearie?" croaked the emaciated old hag from the bed.

"Yes, I'm going into Chard to do a little marketing."

"You seem in 'igh spirits. 'As your young man made you a present?"

"Can't say that he has, mother, but I feel cheerful to-day. It's just a beautiful spring morning."

"Fetch me up a glass o' milk afore you go, dearie, and don't forgit."

"Right you are, mother."

Catherine ran down the stairs, and when she got to the bottom she stood still and pulled out her pocket handkerchief. There was a nasty smell in the kitchen. Wondering what it could be, she walked in, and glancing at the dead man's body, saw that the back of his head had been burnt into blisters, and that his neck was horribly singed by the fire.

Up to this moment she had been wondering what she was to do with the corpse.

In a flash she saw a loophole of escape, a plausible explanation, a settlement of the whole difficulty. She would throw the body on the fire, go out, and return presently, when the dead man would have been discovered by the neighbours. Everyone would think that the old man had been dozing in his favourite chimney corner, had fallen into the fire, and had been burnt to death.

She went up to the corpse and stirred it lightly with her foot.

"Why, he's frizzling! Well, if this ain't funny!" She stood and burst into a fit of laughter.

The unnatural elevation of her spirits rose to such a pitch that Catherine's hysterical mirth found vent in song.

She sang in a high, piping voice:

Blow me up an apple tree,
Chop me into bits,
Strike me on a matchbox,
Knock me into fits;
I've walked around a lamppost,
I've walked around a pal,
But never have I walked around
Old Jones's gal.

While she was singing of "Old Jones's Gal," she picked up the body very carefully, so as not to soil her clean clothes, and flung it into the fire.

Then she got the poker, and stirred up the blaze, and afterwards took the glass of milk to her mother.

"I've heard that there wind again, dearie," croaked the bedridden old woman.

"No you didn't. It was me singing."

"You singing, was it? It ain't often you do that."

"No, it ain't mother, is it? Well, bye-bye."

She ran downstairs and out of the house by the back door, and proceeded to Chard, where she did some shopping. While she was gone, a little girl went past the house, and noticed a smell of something burning, but she was in a hurry, so took no notice, but ran home.

When Catherine returned, to her surprise she found that the body of her husband had not been disturbed. The smell was now sickening, and the woman had all she could do to prevent herself from fainting.

Her mother called to her over the stairs:

"Is that pork I smell, dearie?"

"No, it ain't mother. Go to sleep," bawled the daughter.

She looked through one of the kitchen windows, and saw a labourer named George Whatley, whom she knew, working in an adjacent field.

She threw open the kitchen door, and rushed out into the garden, screaming, "Help! help! help!"

Whatley at once dashed over to her, and asked what was the matter.

"I have been out," cried Catherine, "and my husband has fallen into the fire. I think he is burnt to death."

Whatley at once followed her into the kitchen, where he discovered the charred, almost unrecognisable remains of old Churchill burning on the fire.

To pluck the corpse from the flames was the work of a moment, and then the labourer went out to summon assistance.

Catherine remained in the kitchen wringing her hands and weeping. In another minute the Churchills' house was all confusion, neighbours thronged into the passage and the garden, a babel of tongues was let loose, voicing all manner of conjectures.

The front door was taken down, and served as an improvised stretcher, upon which the disfigured and blackened corpse was borne from the kitchen. Suddenly Eliza Whatley, the wife of the labourer, entered the house. She walked up straight to Catherine, who seemed prostrated by the terrible affliction, and said:

"When I passed your house this morning, why did your husband call out, 'Murder! murder!'?"

Catherine turned pale. "Did he? I didn't hear him. I knew he was grumbling about something, though."

"You did hear him. You called him an old brute."

"I believe I did," said Catherine, now thoroughly frightened.

How much had this woman seen? What did she know?

Mrs. Whatley told her.

"I was taking my husband his lunch in the field out yonder, and when I passed your house I heard your husband call out 'Murder! murder!' and you replied by crying out, 'You old brute.' When I had given my husband his basket, I looked through the gap in the hedge, and the sunlight was streaming through your back window. I saw you dragging something in the direction of the fireplace. Rather funny, isn't it?"

"Funny!" screamed the now frantic woman. "What do you mean?"

"What does this mean?" cried out somebody from the group of neighbours.

A man showed to the excited gathering old Churchill's pipe, stained with blood. It had rolled under a chair when its owner had been struck down, and Catherine, when cleaning up, had never noticed it.

With a shriek of terror the wretched woman backed against the wall. She was doomed, she felt, doomed to be discovered, tried, and hanged. The mysterious hand of Providence she thought she could see moving in the business; the hand that had placed a witness within earshot of her husband's last cry, the hand that had placed a witness in a position to see her dragging her victim's body towards the fire, the hand that had produced that blood-stained pipe.

Verily, Providence had marked her down for the gallows!

The police were now on the scene, and they forthwith proceeded to search the premises.

Between the mattresses on Catherine's bed they found her blood-bespattered dress and bodice, and the bill-hook, to which was attached a gory lock of white hair!

Upon this evidence they arrested Catherine, weeping, and vehement in her protestations of innocence.

"I never harmed a hair of his old head," she said, as they led her away.

They put her into a pony-trap and drove into Chard. On the way they met the accused woman's son, Samuel Waldren, who had heard the news of the tragedy, and was hurrying home to see his mother.

"Oh, mother, mother! what is it?" he cried in fear when he saw her in the hands of the police, an institution that he had regarded with dread and awe from his earliest youth.

"See to the will, Sammy," cried Catherine. "Don't let them rob you. Never mind me. I never harmed the old villain."

How wonderful that at this moment, when Catherine Churchill must have known she was fated to swing on the gallows for her terrible crime, she should have thought of her son's future prosperity, and of the wretched will that had sown those seeds of crime that had blossomed forth into such a harvest!

Does it not speak eloquently for the grip the master passion had on this doomed woman?

Her trial was very short. Medical evidence was called to prove that the deceased man perished from wounds caused by violent blows, and not from burning. The bill-hook and the blood-stained clothes were produced, and Eliza Whatley recounted her experiences on the morning of the murder.

Catherine Churchill was condemned to death. She left the dock with a smile.

"My boy will get his inheritance," she said to one of the warders.

She awaited the day of execution with little or no show of emotion; but when the morning of her doom arrived it was evident that her nerves had become shattered. No reporters were permitted to be present at the enactment of the law's sentence, but a relation of the present writer witnessed the dread proceedings in an official capacity. When the hangman and his assistants entered the wretched woman's cell to pinion her, she fell on her knees and prayed for mercy.

"Oh, let me live! let me live!" she sobbed. "What will my son do if his mother is hanged? Think of my son!"

Firmly, but not unkindly, she was pinioned, and carried rather than led to the foot of the gallows.

"Spare me! spare me!" she cried. "Oh, death is so horrible, and I am not fit to die. Oh, my son! my son! my darling son!"

They drew the white cap over her terror-stricken features, and let us draw a veil over the painful scene.

A shout from the large crowd gathered outside Taunton Gaol announced the hoisting of the black flag. Catherine Churchill was no more. Misguided victim of an overwhelming, passionate love for an unworthy son, her monstrous affection killed whatever moral sense she originally possessed, and left her as we have found her, a brutal, callous murderess.

It is the irony of things that she should have been a fond, unreasoning, and devoted mother.

"Man is an apprentice; pain is his master; and none knows himself so long as he has not suffered."—A. DE MUSSET.

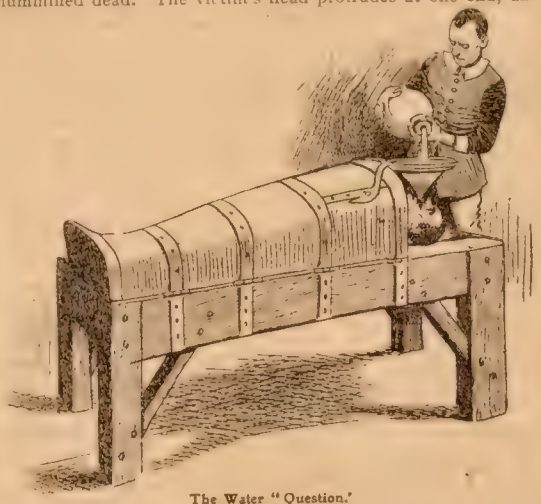
CHAPTER XIV.

MACEDONIA has loomed largely in the daily papers of late, and there have been many stories of the terrible atrocities committed by the natives of that distressful State and by those whom they regard as their oppressors—the Turks. We hear that in the scrimmages which are constantly happening the wounded on both sides are ruthlessly slaughtered, some of them being dealt with in a manner worthy of the darkest times in the middle ages. Women and children are not exempt from the sword. It descends without mercy, helpless infants, it is said, being impaled on the points of the soldiers' weapons and carried through the villages with their life's blood pouring from ghastly wounds.

Some of the prisoners are killed in a revolting fashion. A fire is built under the overhanging branches of a tree, and the helpless wretch, bound hand and foot, is suspended head downwards over the blaze. A strong rope attached to his feet is securely fastened to a convenient branch, and his captors sit round to enjoy the spectacle of his agony. Wet wood is placed upon the fire. Volumes of dense, choking smoke ascend and envelop the poor wretch hanging from the tree. The heat from the fire seems to penetrate his brain. He is on the point of suffocating when all of a sudden someone plucks his body aside out of the whirling smoke. He gulps down great draughts of the pure air and fills his lungs, which are burning and smarting from the effects of the inhalations of smoke. Does he imagine that he has been reprieved? Not for one moment. He knows the nature of his captors too well for that. He knows that once in their clutches only death will release him; but for all that he is thankful for the few moments' respite, and makes the most of them. Under the influence of the cool air he quickly revives, and then just as suddenly as he was plucked out of the smoke back again he goes into it, and again he is nearly suffocated before the hand of one of his tormentors snatches him away in the nick of time. So the torture proceeds. Gradually, as the poor wretch becomes utterly exhausted, the fire assumes larger proportions. Higher and still higher leap the flames. No wet wood is now used. The torturers have tired of the spectacle and they are anxious now to see their victim die. They jeer and laugh at his shrieks for mercy. He writhes—and how they guffaw at the sight! They hurl all kinds of abusive epithets at the suffering captive. They taunt him with cowardice whenever the convulsive swaying of the rope denotes that he is endeavouring to draw himself out of reach of the flames, which are now licking his head. The fiends pile on the fuel, and up go the flames! The air around is impregnated with a sickening smell. It is the never-to-be-forgotten odour of burning flesh. Something drops into the centre of the fire and throws up myriads of sparks—a livid, shapeless thing hangs from the rope. There is no movement, and in the whirling smoke and flames little definite shape to the object. It was a man a few minutes ago; now it is what is left of a headless body, horrible to look upon, ghastly to describe. The ring of men, exultant at their night's work, kick the fire to the four winds of heaven. With the dispersal of the burning embers the light vanishes, but the faint glow from the stars of the Eastern sky is sufficient to show that the object still hanging to the tree will act as a terrible warning to other would-be insurgents. The torturers vanish into the night, but they leave a terrible mark behind them.

A Turkish Torture.

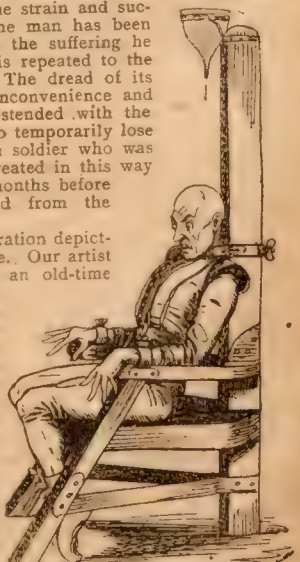
Some of the painful tortures of the olden days are still in vogue in the Philippines, where the rule of Uncle Sam is not yet absolute. One of the most favoured forms of inflicting pain is a water torture, the ingenuity of which is remarkable. The victim is thrust into a wooden case, in shape something like the coffins in which the old-time Egyptians used to enclose their mummified dead. The victim's head protrudes at one end, and



The Water "Question."

after his mouth has been forced open by means of a specially-made instrument, the punishment commences. The machine to open the mouth is very like a pair of pincers except that the grips are wedge-shape and open outwards when pressure is applied to the handles, instead of inwards as with the useful tool just mentioned. Forcing the wedges into the prisoner's mouth, a powerful man is able to open it as wide as is necessary. Then a funnel with a long tube is inserted, the appendage being introduced into the throat. Water in great quantities is then poured into the funnel, and the prisoner cannot prevent its passage into the stomach. The pain is naturally intense, and when, as is sometimes the case, red pepper, salt, and other disagreeable things have been mixed with the water, the agony is increased to an unbearable degree. The torture rarely ends in death. Sometimes the prisoner breaks a blood vessel under the strain and succumbs, but as a rule after the man has been released he shows no sign of the suffering he has undergone. The process is repeated to the same man again and again. The dread of its renewal, together with the inconvenience and pain when his stomach is distended with the fluid have caused many men to temporarily lose their senses, and an American soldier who was caught by the Filipinos and treated in this way was in an asylum for many months before he had thoroughly recovered from the effects of the torture.

We give this week an illustration depicting the mediæval water torture. Our artist has drawn the picture from an old-time print. As will be seen, the prisoner is firmly bound to a chair. Over his head is a kind of funnel so constructed that the water drips from it a drop at a time. The man's face shows that he is painfully anticipating the arrival of the next drop on his shaven skull. Many people say they fail to see where the pain comes in. But let the doubters try it themselves. Let them sit for hours immovably bound under a dripping water tap. Their senses would leave them before very long, and in less than a day it is probable that they would be hopelessly insane. This was the case in the olden days. The man was bound in the position shown in the picture, and left to himself. No one came into the room to attract his attention. There was nothing for him to centre his thoughts upon except the drops of water. For the first half-



Dripping Water.

hour or so the shining crystals would expend their puny strength unheeded by the prisoner. But gradually they made themselves felt, and so as the time went on their weight seemed to increase until at last they seemed to come with crushing, thundering force. It is recorded that the men who suffered this fearsome punishment used to scream wildly in their agony and pray for a speedy death. But relentlessly and with apparently ever-increasing force the drops of water would continue their horrible work. Now they would seem like drops of fire penetrating to the brain, and again the victim shrieked that knives were entering his head, and so on until the gaolers arrived and found a jabbering idiot where a few hours before they left a strong, healthy man. Then they would cast off his lashings and throw him into the deepest dungeon, to stay there until he rotted and died.

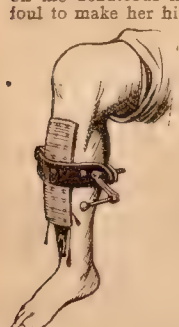
The Picquet.

The illustration of the punishment of the picquet is also from an old-time print. It will be remembered in one of the earlier articles we described this punishment, but here we see it used in its most severe form. As a rule the person punished by the picquet was hung up by a rope fastened to one arm and to a beam in the torture shed. This allowed his feet to dangle about a foot from the ground over a sharp spike driven firmly into the earth. The prisoner's feet were naked, and he was just able to reach the stake with his great toe. When the weight of his body began to tell unbearably upon his arm the poor fellow rested his toe on the stake. His weight drove the spike into his flesh, and in a minute or so the blood would begin to flow and form into puddles on the earth. Then he would change his feet, and again the blood would flow. More frequently the unfortunate wretch was hung up by his thumb, which would be quickly dislocated by the strain, whilst he was compelled to obtain some rest for his aching arm by supporting himself on the stake.

In connection with the picture given, the old-time print from which it is copied gives the outline of a pretty romance of

Cruel form of stocks.

which the illustration shows the tragic ending. A young gallant had fallen in love with one of the prettiest maids of the village. The course of true love seemed to run smoothly until the lord of the manor discovered the little affair. He, too had cast eyes on the beauteous maid and had determined by fair means or foul to make her his own. He told the gallant of this, but the youngster was as plucky as he was slim, and told the lord plainly that he loved the girl and intended to win her. He persisted in his intention, and one night, as he was returning from a meeting with his inamorata, he was seized by some of the squire's underlings, taken to an outbuilding attached to the manor house, and treated in a manner shown in the illustration. It is satisfactory to record that the young man speedily revenged himself. When he had recovered from the horrible torture—when his limbs were again supple and the wounds in his feet had healed, he took the earliest opportunity of thrashing the lord of the manor in public. A duel followed, and the overbearing squire, we are glad to record, was run through the body and lost all further interest in things mundane.



Spiked Shin-plate.

The picquet is still used in some parts of the West Indies and in the negro States of South America, where the plantation blacks are often punished in the way we have described. Sometimes in the olden days the suspending rope was fastened round the neck. And then the alternative was frightful foot wounds or death.

The stocks shown in the illustration are a particularly painful variation of those that were more generally in vogue in the olden times. As will be seen, the prisoner was compelled to sit in a horribly uncomfortable position, the effects of which lasted for a great many days.

The spiked leg torture is another fearful instrument from cunning Spain. On the inside of the cross plate shown fixed to the leg is a powerful grooved spike. When the screw was applied the spike worked its way through the bone and flesh until it forced its way into the hand on the other side. The pain inflicted was excruciating.

Skull Crusher.

Similar in the way in which it worked is the skull-breaking machine, also shown. The band of iron round the forehead was made so that when the screw was applied it contracted with tremendous force until, with a sickening, crunching sound, the bones of the head gave way and the man's scalp became a horrible pulp.

Criminals nowadays thank heaven that the times of torture are over, but a few of the punishments we have described could very well be used on some of the cold-blooded fiends whose fearful deeds have of late sent a thrill of horror through the civilised world.

A Terrible Duel.

On May 24, 1830, the body of Lieutenant von Kennau was found in a wood about three miles from Driel, in Hanover, and the doctors pronounced it to be a case of suicide.

But why had he killed himself? He was young, handsome, healthy, and rich; he was engaged to be married to a young lady, the daughter of the Government Councillor, and everything seemed to promise a long and happy future. Besides, he was one of the best-tempered and the most popular of all the officers, and the very day he met his death he had invited six of his comrades to dine at his villa. These six, when questioned, stated that they had seen nothing of him since early that morning, when they met on parade. Some one, doubting the doctors, suggested murder, and, on examination, the bullet that had killed him was found not to fit the barrel of the pistol that was lying by his side. But he had not been robbed. His watch and purse were in his pocket.

His villa was now searched, and the mystery revealed by the letters discovered there. Besides Von Kennau, there were two others who were frequent visitors at the house of his betrothed, and who would gladly have taken his place—Baron Linsmar and Von Zahn, a sort of nineteenth century Iago. This Von Zahn had, it in the end transpired, brought about a deadly duel between his two rivals.

Arriving on the field, Lieutenant Kennau, approaching his adversary, said, "I have come, baron, to afford you satisfaction, but I never purposely insulted you." The matter would have ended here, but Von Zahn insisted on an exchange of bullets, and the men reluctantly took their stand at ten paces, though Von Zahn was in favour of five, that their aim might be surer. The Baron fired first and missed, and the lieutenant then fired in the air. "I could have hugged the brave fellow in my admiration and joy," the baron's second afterwards said.

But Von Zahn would have another shot fired, and whilst the pistols were loading, this malignant wretch, the second of the man who had generously spared his adversary's life, crossed over to the baron and whispered him to aim better and mark his man, for a baron should not be insulted with impunity. This time the lieutenant was shot through the body. "I forgive you, baron," said he faintly; "you were Zahn's tool, who——" Here he broke down, and in a few moments died.

The baron's seconds, as soon as the lieutenant fell, ran to a near hut, where Von Zahn had told him a surgeon was waiting, but none was there, the arch-fiend having resolved no medical aid should be obtained. While the rest (for, by the then existing law in Hanover, duelling was punishable by death) were in the utmost horror, Von Zahn was perfectly cool. He proposed placing the corpse in a position that would give it the appearance of suicide. To this end the still loaded pistol was fired and placed close to the dead man's right hand, and the fingers stained with powder from the pan of the baron's discharged pistol. Then all footprints, save those of the lieutenant, were carefully obliterated from the ground.

The baron tried to escape to Italy, but was arrested, as were also the baron's seconds and Von Zahn, and, after a long trial and many delays, Von Zahn was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment, the baron to eight, and the baron's seconds to three. The young lady to whom the lieutenant was to have been married, and in whose favour he made his will, sickened and died before the anniversary of her lover's death.

The Madness of Love

AN EARL'S MISTRESS SHOT BY A CURATE.

"17 April, 1779.

"To Mr. Hackman, in Newgate.

"If the murderer of Miss Reay wishes to live, the man he has most injured will use all his interest to procure his life."

"Condemned Cell, Newgate, 17 April, 1779.

"The murderer of her whom he preferred—far preferred to life—suspects the hand from which he has just received such an offer as he neither desires nor deserves. His wishes are for death, not for life. One wish he has; could he be pardoned in this world by the man he has most injured. Oh, my lord, when I meet her in another world, enable me to tell her—if departed spirits are not ignorant of earthly things—that you forgive us both, that you will be a father to her dear infants!

"J. H."

These intensely pathetic letters were written two days before the culmination of a sad and sensational drama—a tragedy in high life as romantic and pathetic as any that can be found in the records of those times. In the eighteenth century, as in the twentieth, love ruled the world, and then, as now, the madness of love impelled the victim of the fever to commit a dreadful crime, the realisation of which, when the fit had passed, and he was once more sane, caused him to long for the time to come when he would expiate his crime on the gallows-tree.

People took a broader view of life in the eighteenth century than do we at the present day. Love affairs and adventures, brawls and gambling, filled the minds of the swaggering gallants, who were game for anything, from bonneting a "Charley"—the ancient equivalent for our policeman—to a duel or an elopement. The young bloods, and the old ones too, for that matter, were given to boasting of their conquests on the field of Venus. Some loved for a day, others for eternity.

The last was the case with the principal actor in the tragedy we are about to describe. One time an officer in the British Army, later a curate, and the love-maddened suitor for the hand of a woman who was the mistress of a nobleman, it was an unlucky day for young Hackman when the Earl of Sandwich, the elderly and able statesman who during the war with our American colonies controlled the British Navy, asked him to spend a few days at his country house at Hitchinbroke.

Hackman, a smart officer whose career promised to be exceedingly successful, was quartered at Huntingdon when he received the earl's hospitable summons. Popular in his regiment, and with nothing in life to worry him, he accepted the invitation, and went to Hitchinbroke to meet the woman who, above all others, he felt should be the sharer of his joys and sorrows; and she was Miss Reay, the earl's mistress.

Times have greatly changed since then. Society now would be terribly shocked—or would pretend to be—if they found that a nobleman's household was presided over by a woman who was the mother of his children, but who was not his wife. And if the nobleman happened to be a great statesman, and a member of the Government, how much more would their feelings be outraged!

But they cared little in those days, and if the Church had not blessed the union of the Earl of Sandwich and Miss Reay, if the children were not entitled to their father's name, no one worried when the lady came forward and received them as the mistress of the house.

Miss Reay was of humble origin. She was a woman of great beauty, possessed of intelligence and an amiable character, qualities which, no doubt, attracted the attention of the

THERE WAS AN END TO THE LOVE STORY.

earl, and brought about the alliance. She had borne four children to the earl, who, it is recorded, "treated her with the greatest tenderness and affection."

It was in 1776 that Hackman first met Miss Reay, and though the young officer was perfectly aware of the state of affairs, he immediately and hopelessly fell in love with her.

He sought in every way to win her affections, with a view to a speedy marriage, and, says the "Book of Dates," "The poor girl who had the grace to wish she were not what she was, opened her heart to his addresses. They coresponded, they met; the young man was permitted to believe that the most cherished hope of his heart would be realised." Apparently the courtship proceeded satisfactorily, for Hackman, to fit himself the better to maintain Miss Reay as his wife, studied for the Church, threw up his commission in the army, and eventually took Holy Orders. His influence and position enabled him to obtain a curacy, and he actually entered upon his duties at Wiverton, in Norfolk.

As the courtship progressed, Miss Reay's embarrassment increased. Another child was born to her of which the earl was the father, and, bound to his lordship as she was by these strong ties, as well as gratitude, she found it difficult to break from him. She was in love with Hackman, and he, on his part, constantly besought her to leave her noble protector and come to him.

Still her courage failed her. Time and again she was on the point of yielding, but Hackman could never persuade her to say the word which would have made him the happiest man on earth.

Her hesitancy threw her lover into violent transports of rage, and Miss Reay seems to have done her best to pacify him. Day after day he wrote her lengthy letters, every line of which breathed the ardent passion which apparently consumed his soul. But all his appeals were in vain, and as time went on Hackman began to despond, until at last his mind became affected. His love for the girl had no doubt driven him insane, for his letters began to speak of suicide, and mentioned maniacs who had murdered the object of their love. To one friend a few weeks before the tragedy he wrote saying he could not exist without Miss Reay, and it was quite evident that, failing her consent to become his wife, he was contemplating self-destruction as the only consequence of his blighted passion.

No one seems to have thought that he would attempt the life of his loved one, and aristocratic society was profoundly shocked when they heard of the terrible deed enacted outside Covent Garden Theatre on the night of April 7, 1779. That evening a handsome, well-dressed lady walked out of the theatre to take her coach, when a pale-faced young clergyman, whose eyes, it was afterwards said, glowed like coals of fire, stepped quickly forward and lifted his hand. A shot, a flash, and a scream, and then there was an end to the love story of Miss Reay and young Hackman.

The woman lay on the pavement, her beautiful features shrouded in her life's blood, which welled up from a ghastly wound in her head.

Hackman's pistol had done its work only too well.

Throwing the weapon down, Hackman took another from his pocket and fired at himself. He inflicted a wound, but not a fatal one, and then the bystanders were horrified to see him beating his head with the butt end of the pistol.

Then someone ran forward and seized him, and, bespattered with his own blood, and raving incoherently, he was taken before a magistrate, whilst the dead body of his loved one was taken to a neighbouring inn to await the inquest.

There were no delays about the law in those days, and in twelve days from the time of the murder Hackman had followed the woman to the Great Beyond. After this trial and condemnation, it was evident that the wretchedness of the unhappy man was extreme. He woke to a just view of his atrocious act, but only to condemn himself, and the more eagerly to long for death.

The note which we print at the commencement of this story came from the Earl of Sandwich, who freely forgave Hackman, and gave Miss Reay's children a splendid start in life.

On April 19, 1779, Hackman died on Tyburn Tree, a victim to unrequited love.

At the trial of a butcher at Downham, in Lancashire, for stealing a cow, there was some difficulty in identifying the skin, but the owner swore boldly to it from some hurts that were in it. He was sure it was his cow, for she was an Irish cow, and had been fighting the day before she was stolen.

Criminal Problems

PREVENTION OF CRIME—FOREIGN REFORMATORY SYSTEMS.

HAVING glanced at the history of the Reformatory movement in Great Britain, it now will be as well if we consider the various methods employed on the Continent for dealing with the root of all crime—the juvenile offender.

In Austria, children of very tender years—namely, those under ten—are handed over to their parents for correction, as are those above that age whose conduct has not been absolutely criminal, always provided that the parents are fit persons to have the care of youth. If above ten years of age, the courts may direct that children be sent to correctional schools, where they may be detained until they are twenty years old, or may be sent out on licence to work at some employment under approved masters. In the same institutions destitute children are also received, and are in no way separated from the vicious and guilty youngsters. This is one of the great defects of their system, for it makes the neglected child the equal of the naughty one, who is supposed to be suffering a term of punishment.

In many of the institutions the "family system" obtains. That is to say, the children are associated together in small gangs and live in separate houses. In some of the schools, notably at Gorice, the lads are divided into squads under the command of an elder boy chosen by his own comrades. The labour to which the children are trained is chiefly agricultural, though at many they are taught trades as well. Industry is stimulated by the promise of receiving a share of their earnings when they leave the institution, which money is lodged in the savings bank in the pupil's name. At a couple of the reformatories a small portion of their earnings is allowed to the children by way of pocket-money, with which they may purchase extra food, if they wish to.

Flogging is permitted, but is very rarely resorted to, the aim of the directors being to work by means of rewards rather than by fear of physical pain, a plan which has very much to commend it.

When the term for which the children have been committed has been accomplished, the delinquents are sent back to their homes, or are found suitable employment. For some considerable time they remain under the voluntary supervision of one of the philanthropic institutions with which the country abounds. This is an excellent plan, and it has been found that a very small percentage of juveniles find their way into prison again.

In the Hungarian portion of the Austrian empire no child under twelve years of age can be charged with offences; those between twelve and sixteen are deemed to have acted without thought, and so are not sentenced to imprisonment, but are sent to correctional schools, where they may be detained till they are twenty years of age. The system employed in their two principal reformatories—namely, Aszod and Kolosvar—is the family one. The instructors, or heads of each family, are specially selected for their knowledge of youth and for their sympathy, with the result that they study the character of each individual entrusted to their care and are able to correct them very efficiently.

All are taught some useful trade as well as having to bear their share of the agricultural labour on the school farms. On leaving the reformatory, the youths are kept under supervision by a "protector," who is responsible for an entire district. The excellence of this plan is shown by the fact that 72 per cent. of the discharged boys do well.

Belgium has a system of its own. It has gone further than Great Britain in its treatment of potential criminals, and the result is excellent. Up till 1891 the Government had no power to touch a child that was not destitute or that had not made its first step in the paths of crime. The Belgian authorities then recognised that the real method of preventing crime is to train the child not to do evil, and therefore a law was passed to the effect that all children are in the power of the State, and can be taken away from their parents if the Government thinks it advisable to do so.

The juveniles thus taken care of by the State are divided into various classes. Those who have not committed any crime at all, but whose surroundings were such that they were thought liable to be turned into miscreants, as well as all under the age of thirteen, are sent to what are called "paternal" homes. They have the greatest liberty, no bolts or enclosing walls, and their relations are encouraged to come and see them. In fact, they are placed in good schools under experienced teachers, often Priests or Brothers, and have a healthy childhood, as happy and as well cared for as if they were the children of the wealthy. For those over thirteen who have done wrong a stricter régime is apportioned, while offenders between sixteen and twenty-one have three strict classes prepared to effect their reformation.

The entire system is made very elastic, there being the minimum of red tape. Every inmate of these establishments is taught some congenial trade, according to his or her capabilities. The system works very well, especially for those who have been taken from vicious parents before they have been ruined. Only a very small percentage of these find their way back to gaol.

Denmark has a somewhat similar plan for the rescue of her little ones, and we may feel sure that Queen Alexandra had much to do with the establishment of the large number of really effective schools which are to be found throughout that country. There are special schools for the reception of the children of depraved parents, but the law cannot compel any to give up their offspring unless it is definitely proved that they are being taught to commit crime. The youngsters are divided up into groups of twenty or thirty, and have personal supervision.

Leaves from Our Notebook.

Living Devils.

MANY people will tell you that the only man ever called "The Devil" was the celebrated Robert the Devil, and will assure you that his title was only a nickname. In this latter particular they are right, but in their first assertion they are wrong, for in the Middle Ages the surname "Devil," was far from uncommon, and in the annals of this country reference can be found to Rogerius Diabolus, the Latin for Roger the Devil. Abroad the equivalent surname is far from rare, and many a little Italian town boasts a "Diavolo" among its inhabitants even to this day.

He Measured It.

LET two men see the same thing at the same time, and each go into the witness-box independent of the other in six months' time, and submit themselves to cross-examination with respect to it, and then note the contradictions. In this connection there is a story told of the late Sir Frank Lockwood. "How far were you from the scene of the accident?" he asked a hostile witness. "Three yards, two feet, one and a-half inches," was the reply. "Now," said Sir Frank, boring holes through the witness with his eyes, "what makes you to be so exact about it?" "Because I expected some fool or another would ask me that question," was the answer, "so I measured it."

Criminal Football.

FOOTBALL has not always been the profitable game which it is to-day, and at one time was actually regarded as a criminal offence. Thus, in the archives of Maidstone we find that in 1654 one John Bishop, an apothecary, was charged before the Justices of the Peace with "wilfully and in a violent and boisterous manner running to and fro, and kicking up and down in the common highway and street within the said town a certain ball of leather, to the annoyance of the good people of the Commonwealth, and to the evil example of others." For this heinous offence he was placed in the stocks, presumably to keep his offending feet still for a while, and perhaps on the principle of making the punishment fit the crime.

The Hangman's Patron.

THE best supporter which the guild of executioners ever had in England was "Bluff King Hal," who ordered no fewer than 72,000 robbers, thieves, and vagabonds to be hustled out of the world on the common gallows, to say nothing of those persons whom he cast for death on account of their religious convictions. Scarcely less ferocious was the gentle "Good Queen Bess," who, during the latter portion of her reign, sent some 350 criminals yearly to their account. She also kept her executioners employed in whipping vagabonds and burning other offenders in the hand. It is estimated that these two monarchs judicially slew more people than any other ten British Sovereigns put together.

Revived by Electricity.

AN extraordinary scene followed the execution of a youth named Takacs, who was hanged at Raab, in Hungary, in April, 1880, for the murder of two women. The convict, a Czech, was but twenty-three years of age. When life was declared to be extinct, he was cut down, and the body handed over to the doctors to experiment with. They commenced to pass galvanic currents through it, with a view to demonstrating the effects of electricity on the muscles to their students, when, to their horror, the man showed signs of returning sensibility. After a short time, he regained consciousness completely, and hopes were entertained of his ultimate recovery; but, after a few hours, he became delirious, attacked his keepers furiously, and, in a fit, died suddenly.

Taming the Shrew.

ONE of the last times on which the "scold's bridle" was used was on May 20, 1838. On that day Mary Careless, a perfect termagent, was ordered by the Mayor of Stafford to pay a fine of 1s. and 7s. 6d. costs for an unprovoked assault. Mary's language was so unbridled, that the Mayor was compelled to send for the historic bridle, or brank, which had been discarded for years, and, amid a torrent of invective, the old lady's head was caged in the iron contrivance, and she was exposed as a warning to other garrulous women. When she cooled down, the instrument was removed, but, as a reminder to others, the authorities ordered that the brank should be hung up in the Town Hall Justice Room, and kept in repair, lest it should again be required.

Prisoners' Toys.

PERHAPS the most pathetic item in a criminal's life in durance is the manner in which he strives to pass away his time, if he is not inclined to read, and the ingenuity displayed by some of the most hardened ruffians makes one regret that they have applied their talents to evil purposes. Possibly the most curious of all these "prison toys" was the one made in secret by Big Harry, one of the most truculent of the Lennie mutineers. While awaiting execution, he asked to be given an extra allowance of bread instead of the ordinary ration of meat. This was granted, and the day before his execution he presented to one of the warders a beautifully-worked model of a bird pecking at a flower. Almost the whole of this work was done in paste made from the bread, the only other substances being a few fibres from his mat and a couple of teeth from his comb, which were used to strengthen the bird's legs.

The Humorous Judge.

THE humour of the Courts is now mainly represented by Mr. Justice Darling. A wordy counsel was once carrying a cross-examination beyond the limits of endurance, and Mr. Justice Darling remonstrated.

"My lord, you allowed Mr. —— considerable latitude in the examination-in-chief," said the counsel.

"And for that reason you think I must allow you considerable longitude in cross-examination?" retorted the judge.

One charm of Mr. Justice Darling's humour lies in its unexpectedness. A counsel was pleading a point under the Lunacy Act.

"Ah," said the judge, "that's the one Act I don't carry in my head!"

It was in the days of his barristerhood that he was called upon to defend a publican, who was charged before a bench of magistrates with an offence against the licensing laws.

It happened that this Bench comprised several teetotalers, who would, in all probability, be hostile to Mr. Darling's client. In self-defence, Mr. Darling had every teetotal magistrate in the borough subpœnaed to give evidence as to the publican's character. No subpœnaed witness could sit on the bench.

"Your worships," said Mr. Darling to such magistrates as did ultimately hear the case, "in the exercise of my discretion as counsel, I shall not call any of these witnesses. My client's excellent character is well known to you, and testimony on the subject would be superfluous."

Answers to Correspondents

The Editor will be pleased to answer any suitable questions.

X. Y. Z.—Our advice is, "Don't."

C. O. P.—You must use great care.

V. R.—Increasing rapidly, see No. 6.

BARMY.—Broadmoor is the Criminal Lunatic Asylum, Hanwell is not.

QUID.—You are liable to a fine of 40s. if you bore a hole through a sovereign.

VIC.—It was on May 17, 1809, that William Hamilton fired at Queen Victoria.

PIOUS.—It is a misdemeanour if a clergyman demands a fee for performing the Baptismal Service.

FRED P.—You really must read "Crimes" carefully before asking such questions: see No. 3.

WARWICK.—The "Royal Robbers" has nothing to do with crime, it is the nickname of the Warwickshire Regiment.

KNOWLEDGE.—Several cases are on record, notably that of John Price, the Tyburn Executioner, who was executed at Bunhill Fields for murder on May 17, 1719.

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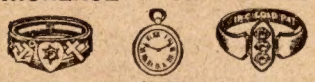

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